Miss America

10¢
JULY

get in the
SWIM
by Esther Williams

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NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY & ZONE____________ STATE______

hello, girls—

■ It's one of those hot and humid days in New York, when people kind of slow their hurried, harried pace, and just—wilt. You should see your staff, attired in cool and crisp cotton, tresses brushed upward into a c. and c. hairdo, pausing frequently during the day, for some iced cokes and some deep, loud sighs. Me—I just sit here and sigh, too, dreaming of country greenlands and a calm, sweet-water lake. Ah, me! The good ol' summertime!

And say, what are *you* planning on this summer? Are you hi-jinxing it off to camp? Umm, two months of riding and swimming, toasting your skin golden brown—lush! Or are you heading for the shore with the folks to build castles in the sand, and dazzle the life-guards with your new two-piece swimsuit, special for establishing beachheads. Good deal, either way!

But then, on the other hand, maybe you're not doing any of these things. Maybe you're home—alone, the gang *not* "all here"—and maybe, just maybe, you're pouting a little bit about it, too. Could be . . .

Uh-uh, no fair, taking it out on the family and people around you, just because you're forced to stay home this year. C'mon now, suck that lower lip in, open those wide blues and take a good look around. What's cookin' on the home town burner?

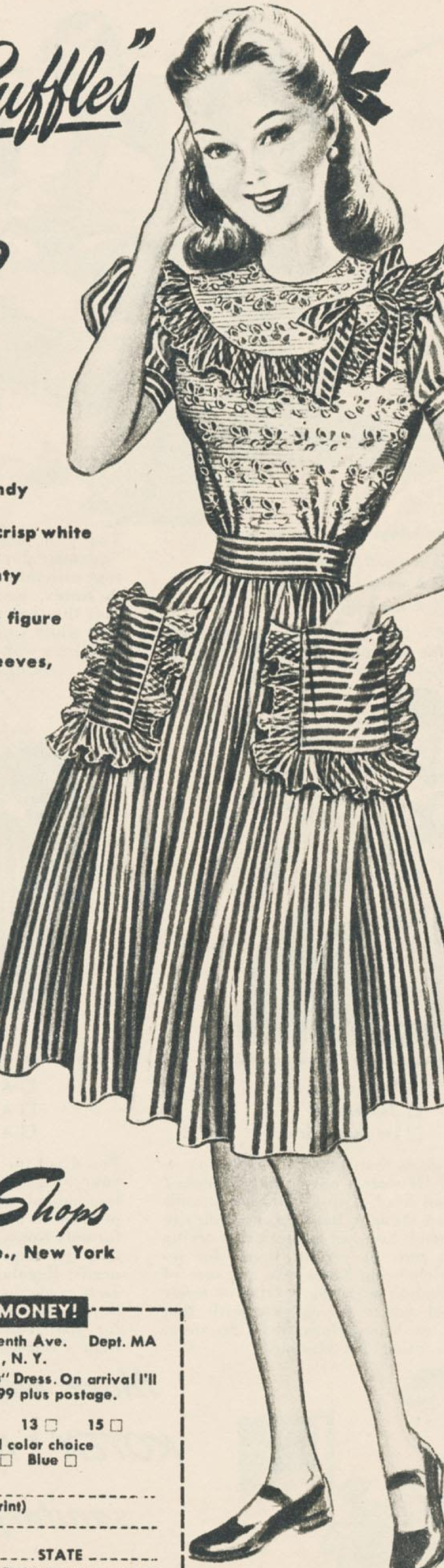
This is a splendid chance for you to get around, really "do" your town, in true tourist style. Investigate its industries, folk, and folklore. Delve into its history, habits, habitants—and have fun! Really get to know your town!

But if you'd like to do something a little more solid, how about probing the possibilities of your future career over the summer? If it's a reporter, a la Roz Russell, you're longing to be, what better start than the local daily, where a smart young trick can keep eyes and ears open and learn, oh, so much? Or if it's a top-flight milliner's job you're aiming for, just you find out if Mrs. Banks wouldn't take kindly to the idea of a bright, young thing flying around hither and yon, doing the many chores she's getting too old to perform. And see, too, if that kindly old lady doesn't have a few tricks up her hat she wouldn't willingly pass on to an eager audience. (Meaning you of course.)

So you just shake those "summertime blues." Take stock of the situation—and yourself. Then put them both together, and—*do* something! Good luck, and Happy Vacation!

Affectionately,

jean goodman



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A dream dress, in cool captivating cotton. Candy striped Chambray and crisp white eyelet Pique, with jaunty ruffles, for gay, young figure flattery. Has puffed sleeves, full swirling skirt and waist slimming set-in belt. Zipper placket. Choice of Red, Brown, or Blue stripes. Sizes 9 to 15.

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New York 1, N. Y.
Send me the "Fluffy Ruffles" Dress. On arrival I'll pay the postman $4.99 plus postage.

SIZE—9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐
Indicate 1st & 2nd color choice
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Are you in the know?

IRVING-NURICK

What brings out a suntan best?

☐ *A smart beret-beach-bag*
☐ *A white bask-ground*
☐ *A hot bath*

Beauty and the Beach *can* go together. Consider the sharp new beret shown above — that shakes into a beach-bag! (Neat?) You can wear it with confidence. On "calendar days" you can wear any beach togs without a shadow of a doubt — thanks to Kotex. Because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent "outlines" from tattling. And while you're sunning, remember this: Bask on a white sheet or towel. It's shadowless . . . brings out a suntan best.

How would you discourage this?

☐ *Keep a cool head*
☐ *Tell him off*
☐ *Let your hair down*

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and they're under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you are sure of extra protection with that exclusive *safety center*. And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No Binding!

If you're a budgeteen, would you buy—

☐ *A good mink*
☐ *A "bargain" beaver*
☐ *A magnificent mouton*

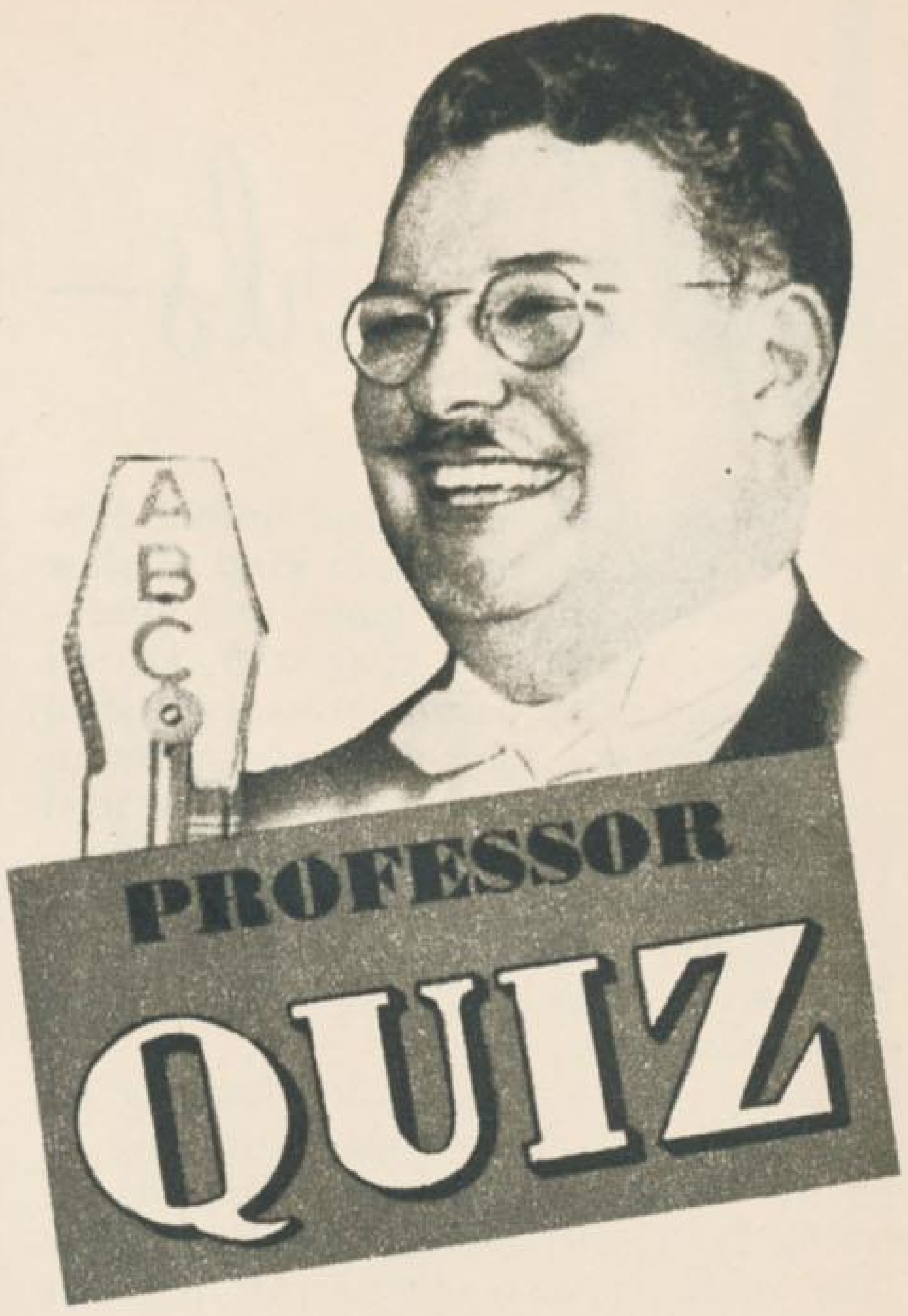
You drool for a mink, but it's too rich for your budget? It's smart to select the coat best suited to your problem. Just as on problem *days*, it's smart to select Kotex — for only Kotex offers you *3 sizes* to help you find the napkin that exactly meets your needs: Regular, Junior or Super Kotex — each made to *stay soft while you wear it*. So too, in buying furs, choose what's best for *you*. The very finest mouton, rather than a third-rate beaver.

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST



"the one, the only, the original" PROFESSOR QUIZ, ABC Network Star.

Questions

1. We all know that July 4th is Independence Day but is it true or false that the Declaration of Independence was signed July 4th, 1776?

2. Our Canadian neighbors also celebrate a holiday this month. Do you know what it is?

3. July 1st also marks the day that Uncle Sam began withholding income tax from the pay envelopes of the nation. What year did the withholding tax go into effect?

4. Apart from its historical aspect, July 4th is also the birthdate of a celebrated American president who was the author of the famous phrase, "I do not choose to run." Who was he?

5. There'll be plenty of cars on the road this Fourth of July which is only logical, since the first road test of an auto was held on July 4th. What was the year?

6. July is an important month in the history of the United States Postal service. Our postal system was established this month and through air mail service from New York to California was also inaugurated in July. Do you recall the year in each case?

7. The French celebrate their Independence Day this month. What is it called and when is it celebrated?

8. Two famous pioneers—one, the inventor of the sewing machine and the other famed in the photographic world—were born this month. Who were they?

Answers

1. False. It was adopted July 4th but was signed a few days later.
2. Dominion Day, celebrated July 1.
3. July 1st, 1943.
4. Calvin Coolidge, born July 4th, 1872.
5. 1894.
6. Postal system established July 26, 1775: Air mail service established July 7, 1929.
7. Bastille Day, July 14.
8. Elias Howe, born July 9th, 1819 and George Eastman, born July 12th, 1854.

Miss America

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10¢
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Oh sun . . . it's wonderful! And so are you in this most modern version of how to sun AND swim this Summer. Teen Age Beachwear by Lee did it in all wool jersey with an open midriff, shirred bottom. It's at Sak's 34th-St., New York, for about $8. Beau Peep sunglasses by American Spectacle Co. for $3. Revlon's "Certainly Red" lipstick and nail polish, $1 each PLUS TAX.

All prices given for fashions featured editorially are approximate.

Kodachrome by Trend Studios

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Priscilla reeled backwards, keeping an eye on Joey for effects. He looked sort of floored, himself.

to the manner brawn...

by Michele Small

As delicious a dish of sly intrigue and hilarity as ever was cooked up to make a clinging vine out of a brawny a clinging vine out of a brawny tomboy . . . another super-howler by your favorite humorous writer.

THE music stopped and they applauded, scattering two-by-two to chairs around the walls of the ballroom. Henny Hudson told his band, "Take five, boys," and, looking toward the center of the floor, whistled admiringly. Some of the band looked up in the same direction quickly and whistled too. She was as fragile and as beautiful as the gardenia snuggling whitely against her dark hair; the full skirt of her evening dress which flared in sharp contrast away from the tight bodice sheathing her slimness lent her an air of old-fashioned helplessness. One little hand clung

(*Continued on page* 35)

Get in the Swim...

by esther williams

Sea sprite—or landlubber? Esther's wonderful wordage will improve you if the former, impress you if the latter . . . So c'mon, last one in's a s-i-ss-eee!

IT'S getting so that swimming is as much of a social asset as dancing or tennis, what with the current popular prototype of the ideal American girl being the outdoor model. Although I myself never thought of swimming as such, I did find that you meet some very interesting people at swimming pools. And it is certainly true that a girl who can swim looks much better in a bathing suit than one who can't. Even if they have the same measurements, the girl who swims has firmer muscles and a healthier, glowing skin which never fails to make her more attractive.

Swimming is the ideal exercise for women because it employs every muscle in the body and results in long, smooth limbs rather than hard, knotty ones. It takes weight off the too-heavy and adds it to the too-thin and develops a nice firm diaphragm.

With a little attention to selecting a bathing suit to bring out the best and hide the worst points of your figure, and to working out becoming ways to dress your hair when swimming, so that ugly bathing caps or stringy locks are unnecessary, a girl can look her very best at a swimming party.

A little oil around the edges of the hair will keep those stray ends in place. Waterproofed ribbons to match your suit are another item I have found most useful (*Continued on page* 47)

Here, the bathing beauty demonstrates her winning stroke technique to a young enthusiast at the Beverly Hills swim-meet, on land . . . . . . now, on the left, to show how it's really done, Esther's "all wet" —but her water technique isn't! It's strictly champion stuff!

Congrats! Esther presents award to Brenda Helser for breaking 440-yard swim mark (which she did minutes before) at a meet at Beverly Hills High.

Sweet and lovely Esther Williams, typifies All-American womanhood ideals in her fresh and wholesome appearance, her clean-cut mode of living. She's been crazy about swimming since she was a child.

A scene from "Fiesta," Esther's latest for M-G-M, in which she plays a matador, and had to study bullfighting tricks.

Sunlight Sonata...

by leonard l. hess

PHYLLIS wished she could have slept later. Last night's company—uncles, aunts, a newly engaged cousin with her fiancé, had stayed until all hours. She sat down to breakfast, just hiding a yawn.

"You didn't have to get up, yet," her father remarked.

"It's Saturday," Phyllis answered, drinking her orange juice.

"Well?" demanded Mr. Norman.

Her mother put in, quietly: "You know what she means, George."

Mr. Norman did. "Suppose she goes over there an hour later?" he wanted to know, thinking the whole thing a bit too much, anyway.

"Over there," meant the Redge cottage on the other side of town, beyond the railroad tracks, where most of those who worked in the Norman cotton mills lived. Tom Redge had used to, until his accident and so Phyllis did what she could, every Saturday morning—did it faithfully, as if it had become almost a religion with her; she went "over there," and for an hour she played piano for Tom because, he said, it made him feel so much better.

It had started one Saturday morning, six months before, when her mother had sent Phyllis to the Redges with some delicacies for Tom.

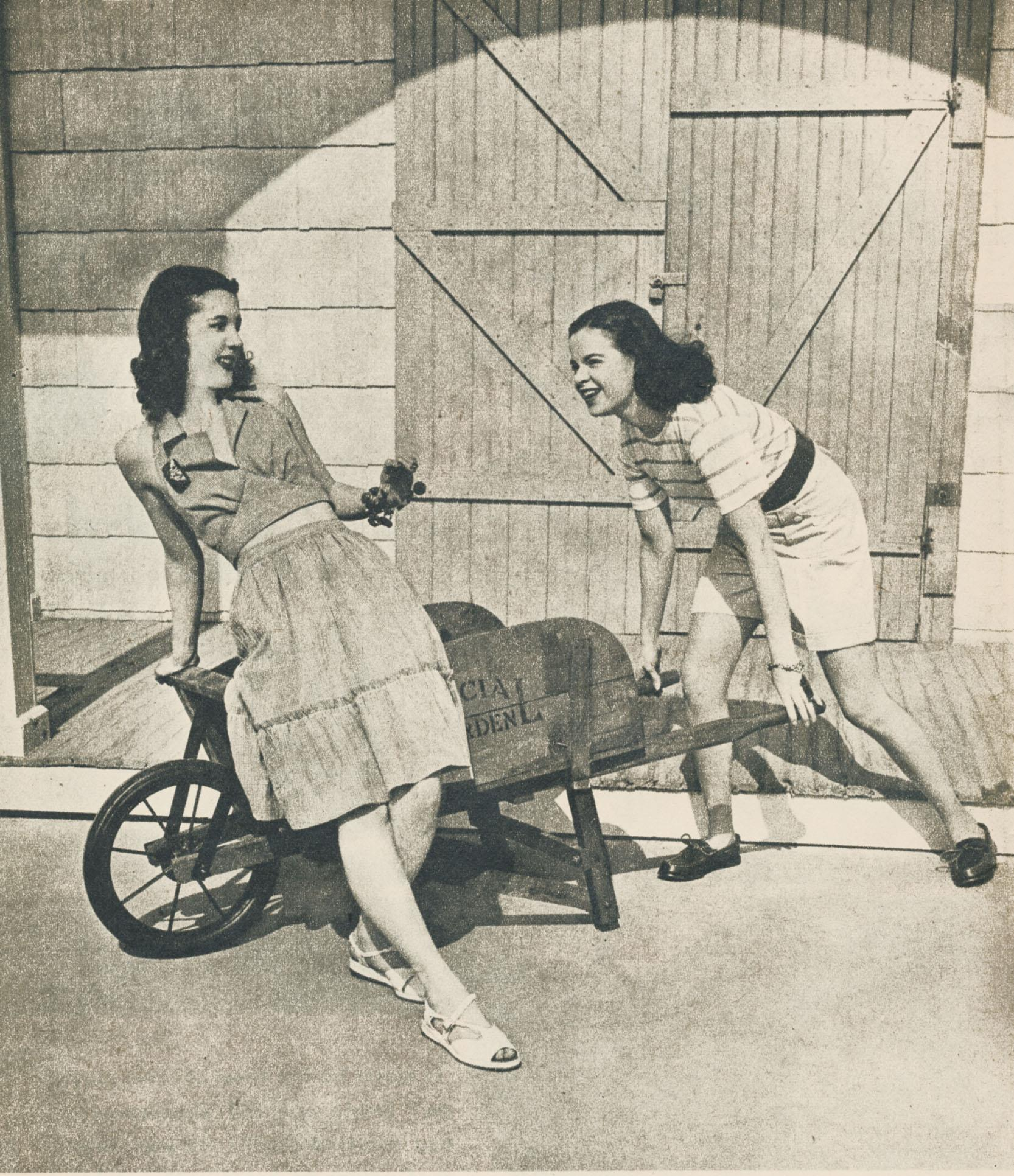
Phyllis had been surprised, somehow, to find a piano in that small, barely furnished cottage. She could not see a piano without an impulse to touch the keys; and she touched them, perhaps more because she was

(*Continued on page 44*)

Golden notes flooded the cheerless room, as Phyllis' fingers rippled over the ivories.

"If music be the food of love, play on," wrote one Bill Shakespeare, and talented Phyllis Norman took that advice to heart with notable consequences for all . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER



rough and ready Playmates...

With a c'mon-out-and-play look about them, our two friends having fun with a wheelbarrow show you how to wear real play clothes. Woven checked seersucker by Peter Pan Fabrics plays hard in a skirt, halter and shorts styled by Josi of Barbara Joan. About $8 at Saks 34th St., New York, Howland Dry Goods, Bridgeport, Blauners, Philadelphia. Twill shorts prove they can take it and like it. Joan Lord Fashions did the shorts, about $4. Striped t-shirt by Bonnie Lassie, about $1.50. At Marshall Field, Chicago. Wide leather belt by Garay.

Play shoes are Jordan Williams' Huskies. Jewelry, by Joyce; moccasins, Burntwood Products. American Spectacle Company sun glasses.

In crisp striped seersucker you're cool as a peppermint stick. Dorothy Baker puts a dirndl skirt over the sun-back playsuit for fun-time. About $8 at Jane Engel, N. Y., Lansburgh & Bros., Wash., D. C., Broadway Dept. Stores, Los Angeles.

What fun! Bra, vest and shorts (cut like a boy's). All in Pacific Mills toughy twill. By Teenard of Dallas. Bra about $2.50. Vest and shorts each about $4 at Arnold Constable, N. Y., Joske's, San Antonio, Loveman's, Chattanooga.

fare he well

by Thelma Weir

It's a date for dinner . . . on you this time for that favorite fella of yours, with his favorite dish . . . so let's fall to. . . .

WHAT have you done? Gone and invited your favorite fella to dinner? Wonderful! Let's roll up our sleeves and get busy on the menu. Men love food; so, in the words of Mr. Shakespeare, "let us fall to," let us construct a menu, foolproof and colossal.

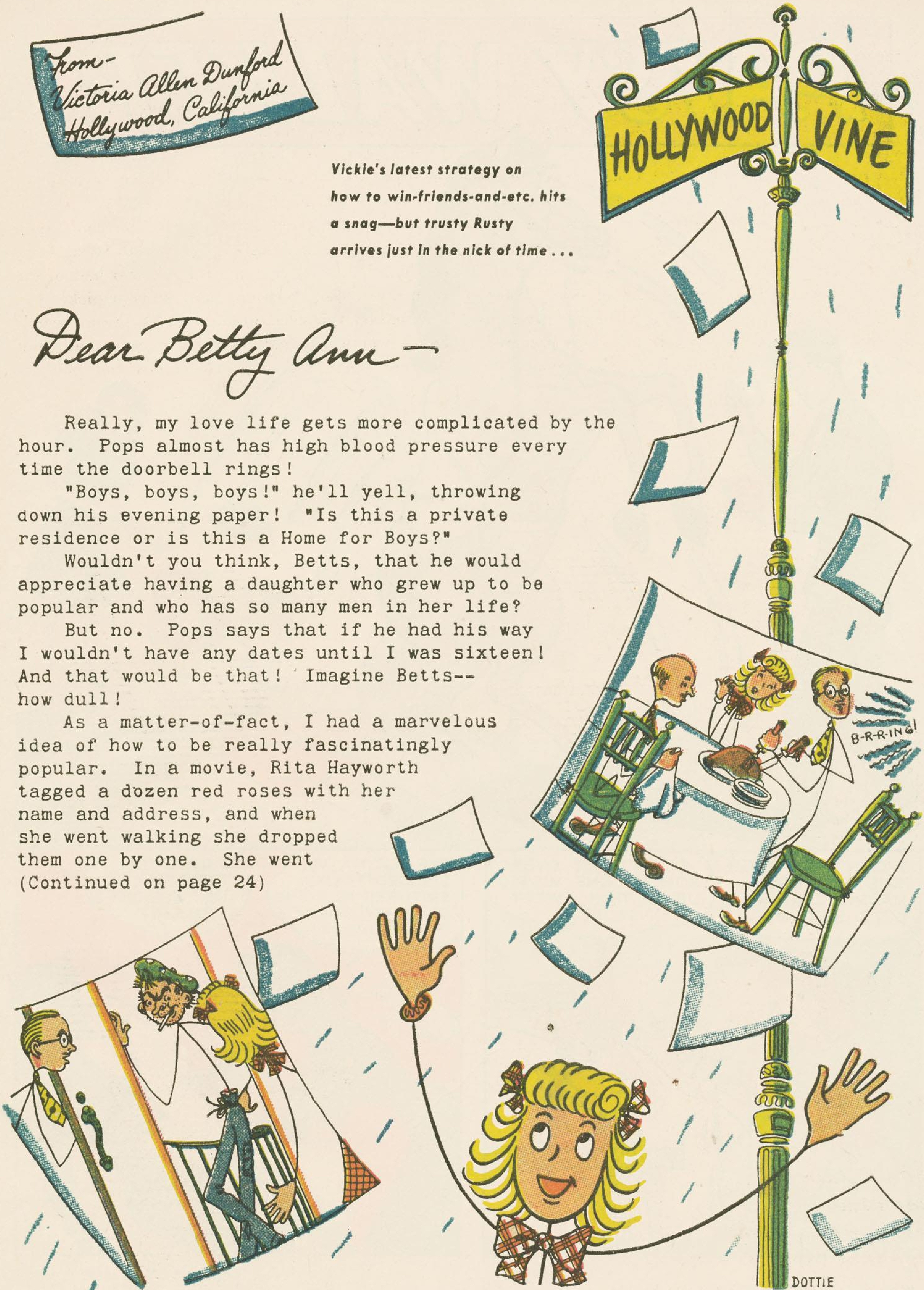
How about hamburger first for your number one? Now, don't be hasty. Hamburger, yes, but super. Double Decker Hamburgers with mushrooms between the upper and lower stories, with mushrooms and onions in the gravy. Baked hamburgers these would be, avoiding last minute preparation. Then what about Scalloped Potatoes? There's never a male gourmet who can resist properly prepared Scalloped Potatoes, prepared from raw potatoes—and topped with a crust of cheese, pepped up with a bit of mustard.

That takes care of the meat and the potatoes. What about a green vegetable? Would you have the courage to offer him a little iron-clad, spinach? But if not, how about some fried green tomatoes, prepared on top of the stove? They can be reputation builders of no mean proportion. If you veto the tomatoes, how about succotash? You can buy the frozen "corn with limas" or "corn with string beans" combination. Or, you can use half and half of each, canned or fresh. Step up, and take your pick!

Whatever you select in the way of a green vegetable, here's where you put your home economics course to really practical use.

(*Continued on page* 38)

From—
Victoria Allen Dunford
Hollywood, California



Vickie's latest strategy on how to win-friends-and-etc. hits a snag—but trusty Rusty arrives just in the nick of time . . .

Dear Betty Ann—

Really, my love life gets more complicated by the hour. Pops almost has high blood pressure every time the doorbell rings!

"Boys, boys, boys!" he'll yell, throwing down his evening paper! "Is this a private residence or is this a Home for Boys?"

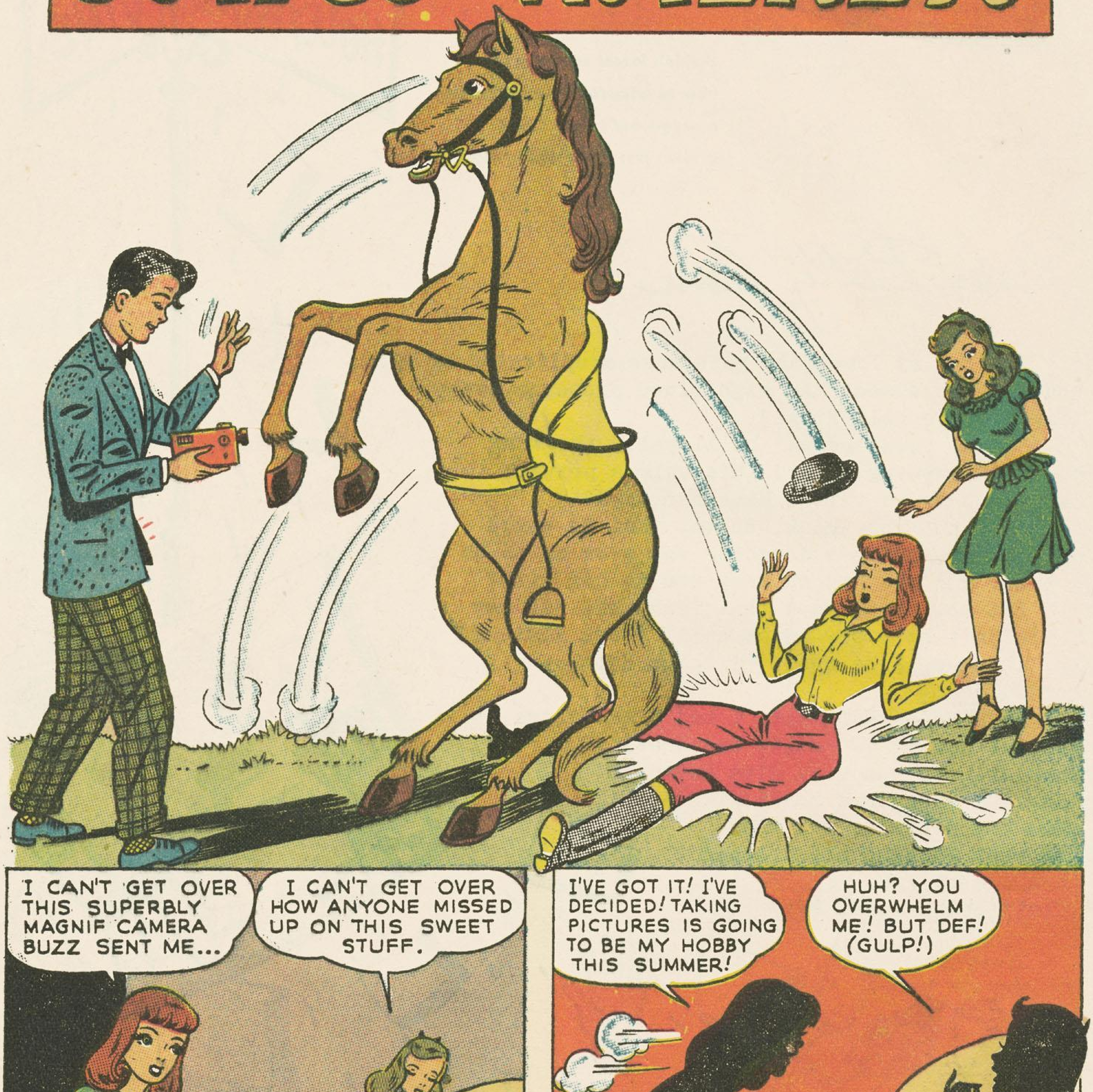
Wouldn't you think, Betts, that he would appreciate having a daughter who grew up to be popular and who has so many men in her life?

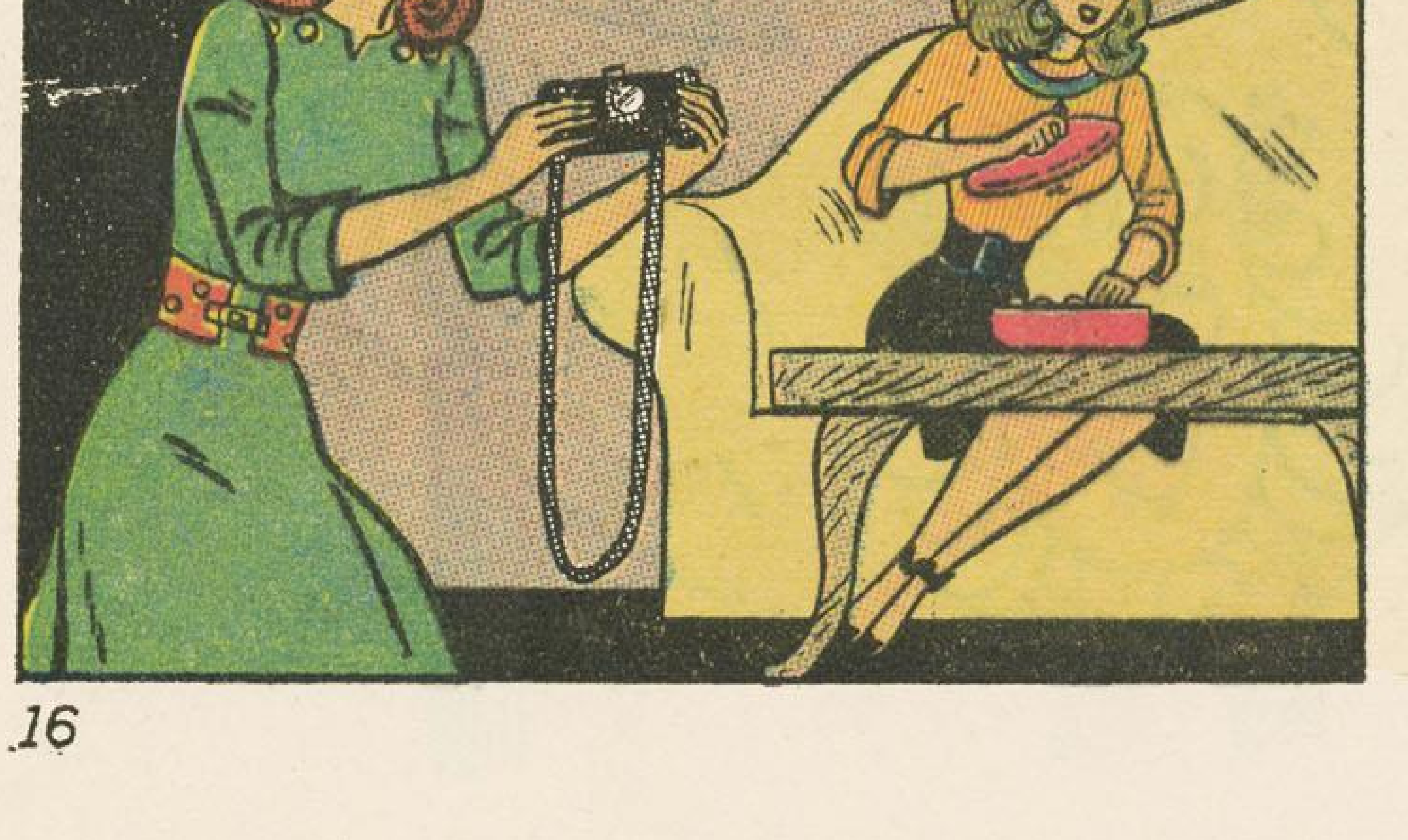
But no. Pops says that if he had his way I wouldn't have any dates until I was sixteen! And that would be that! Imagine Betts--how dull!

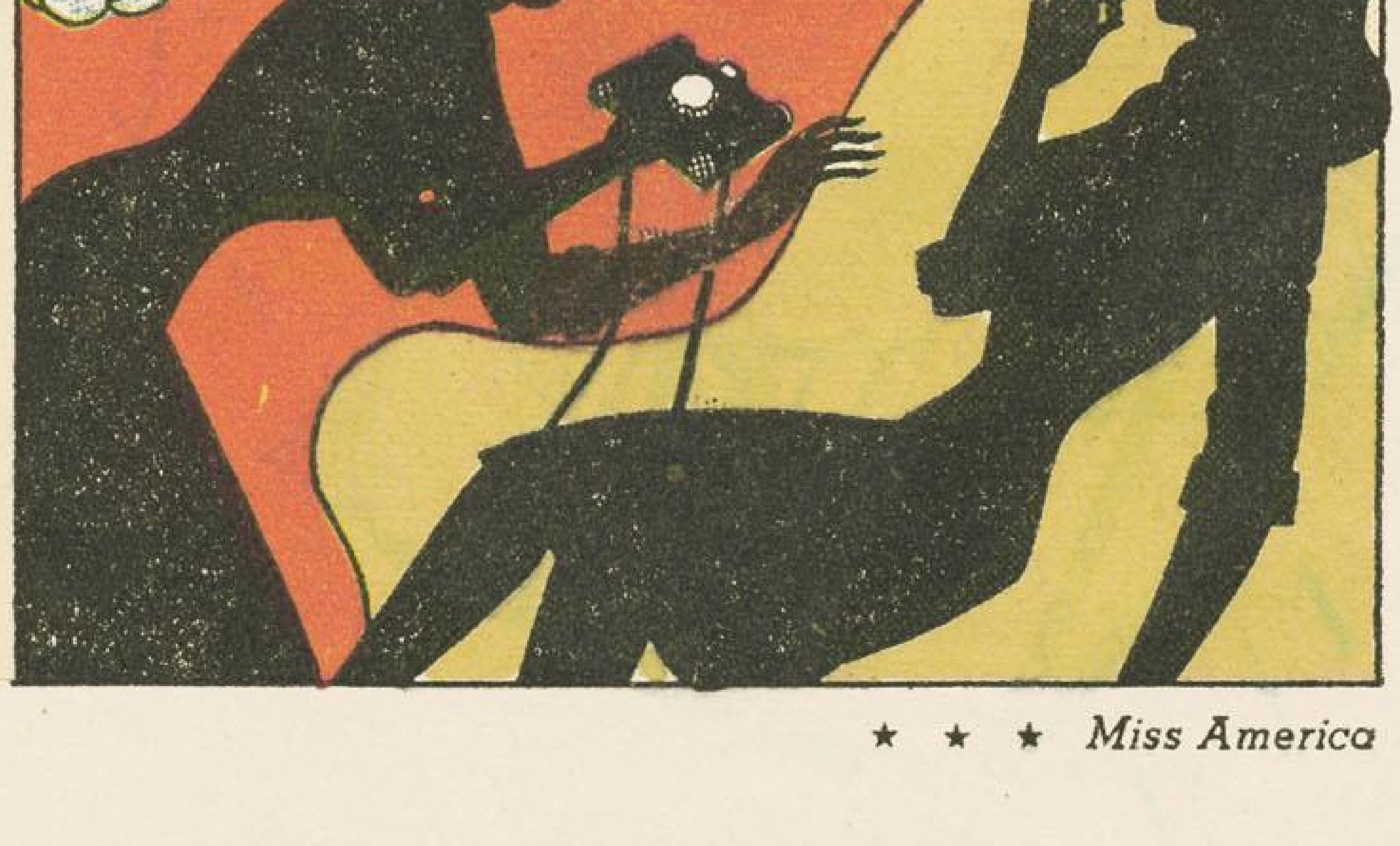
As a matter-of-fact, I had a marvelous idea of how to be really fascinatingly popular. In a movie, Rita Hayworth tagged a dozen red roses with her name and address, and when she went walking she dropped them one by one. She went

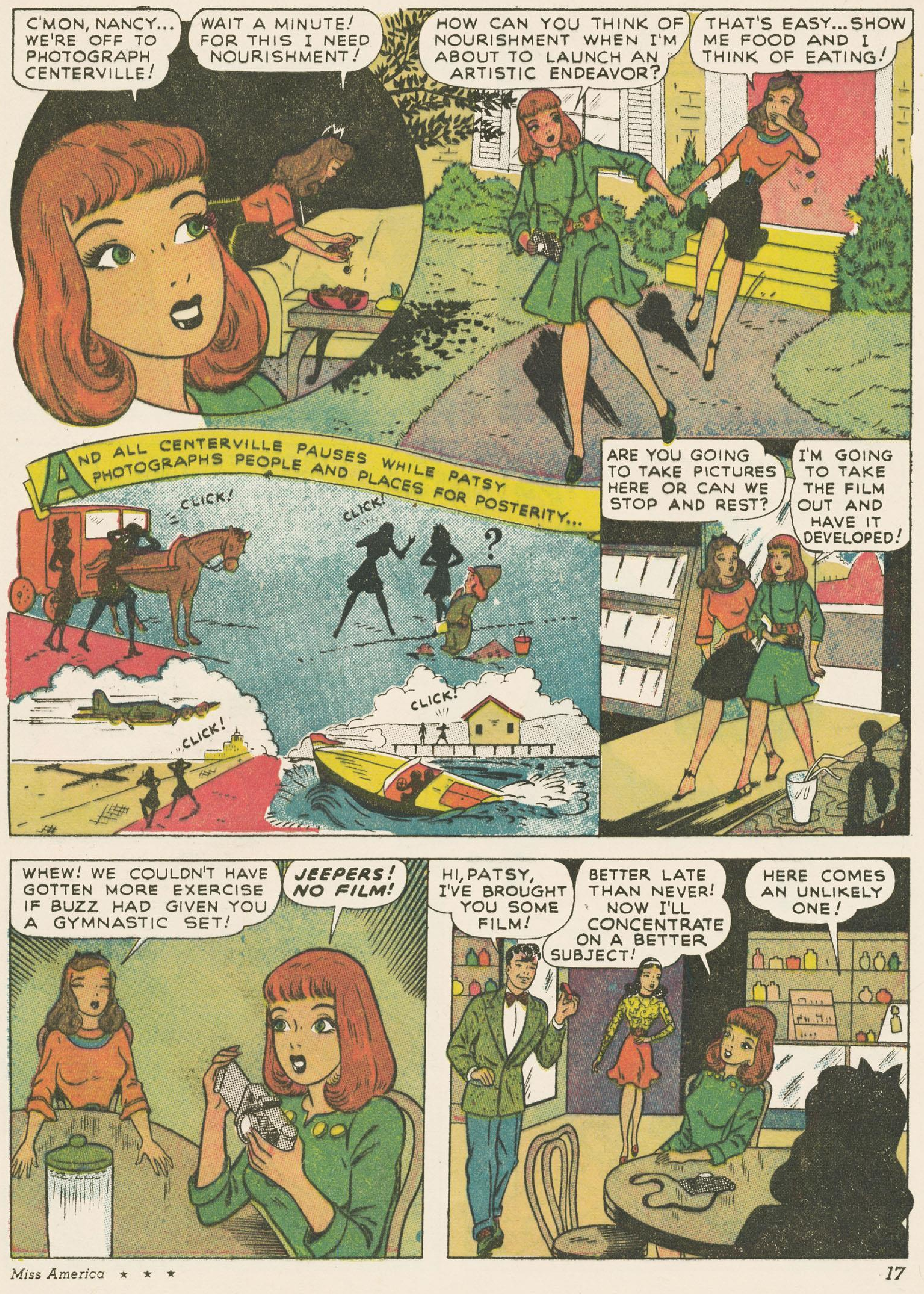
(Continued on page 24)

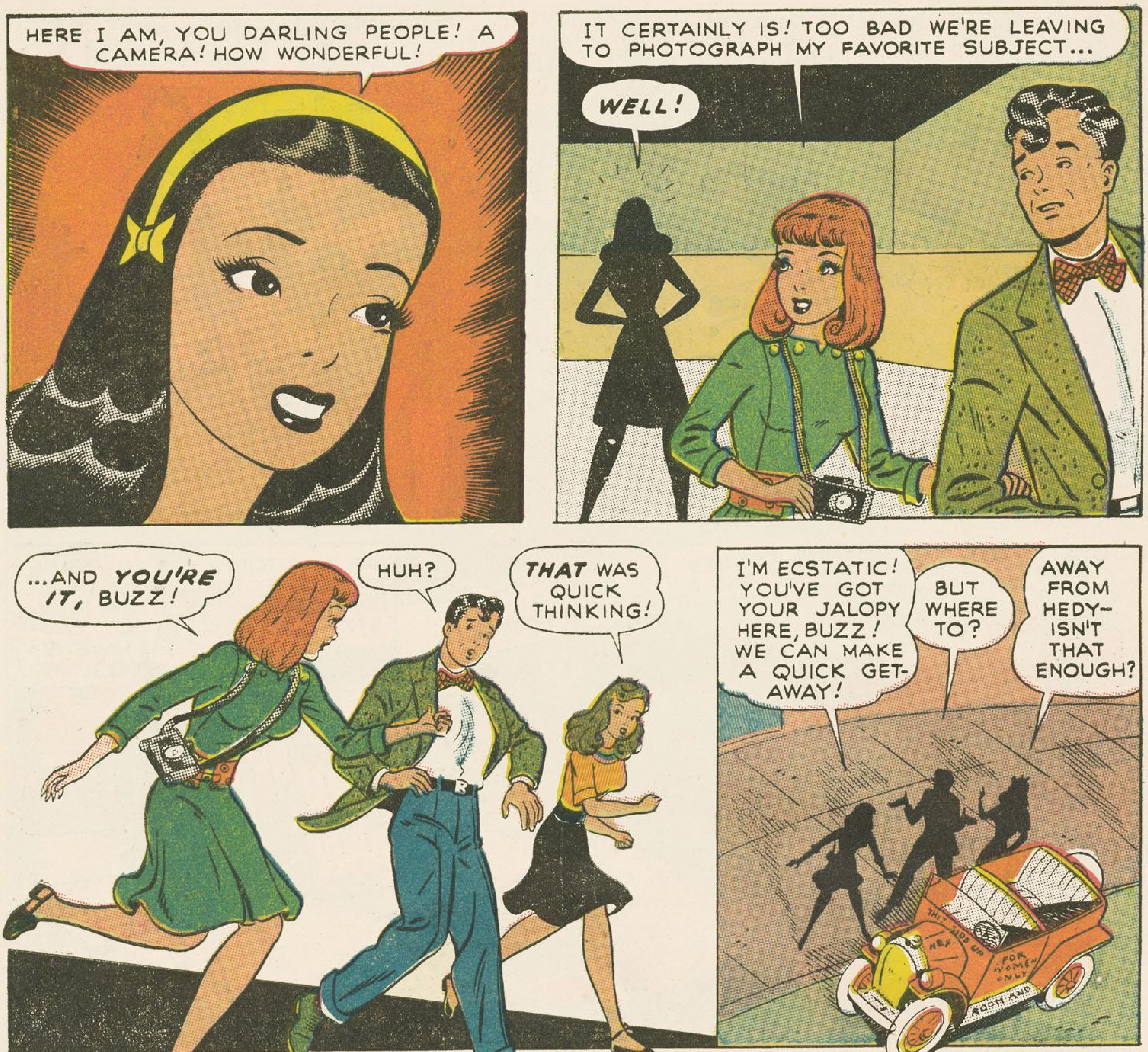
PATSY WALKER

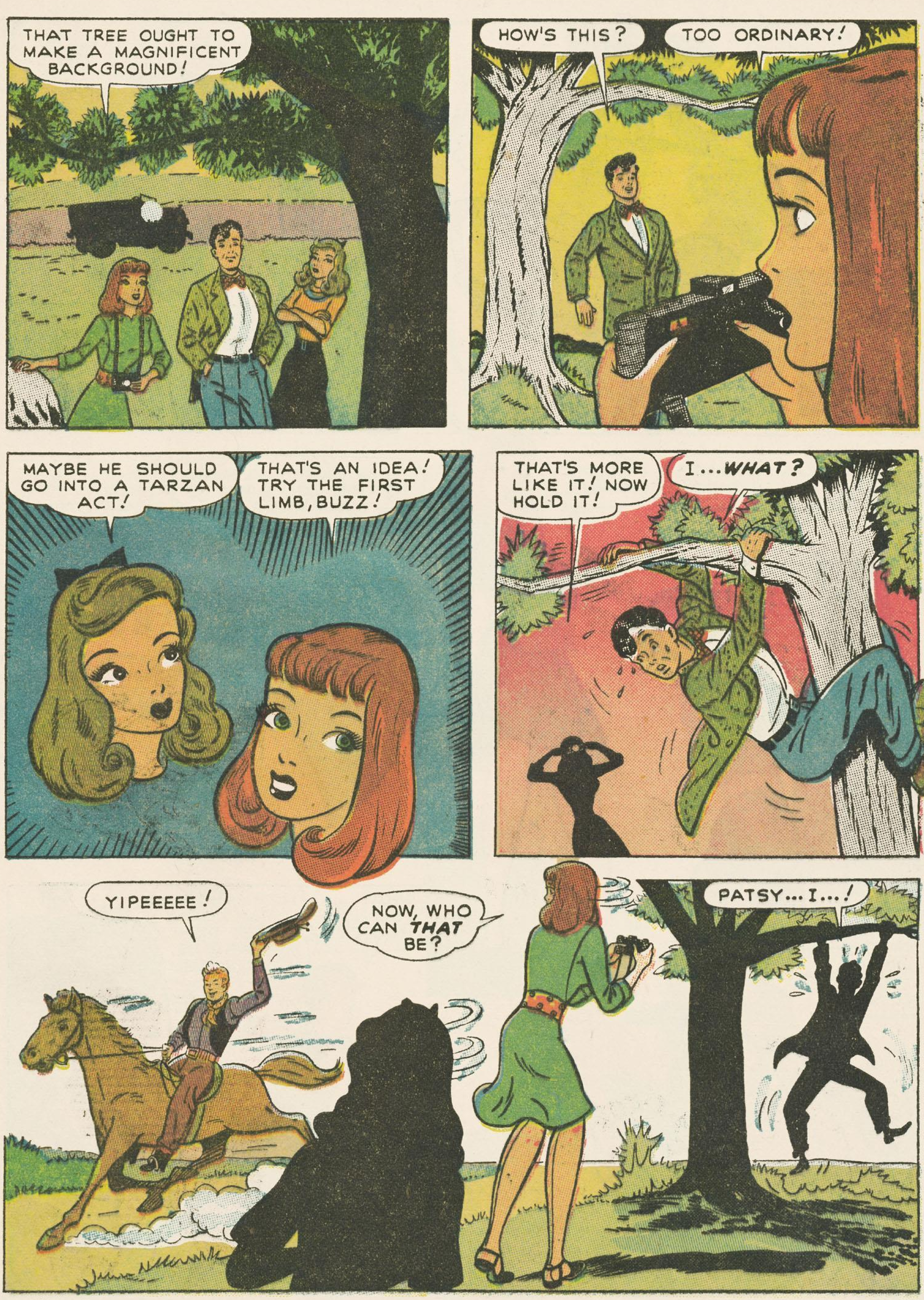


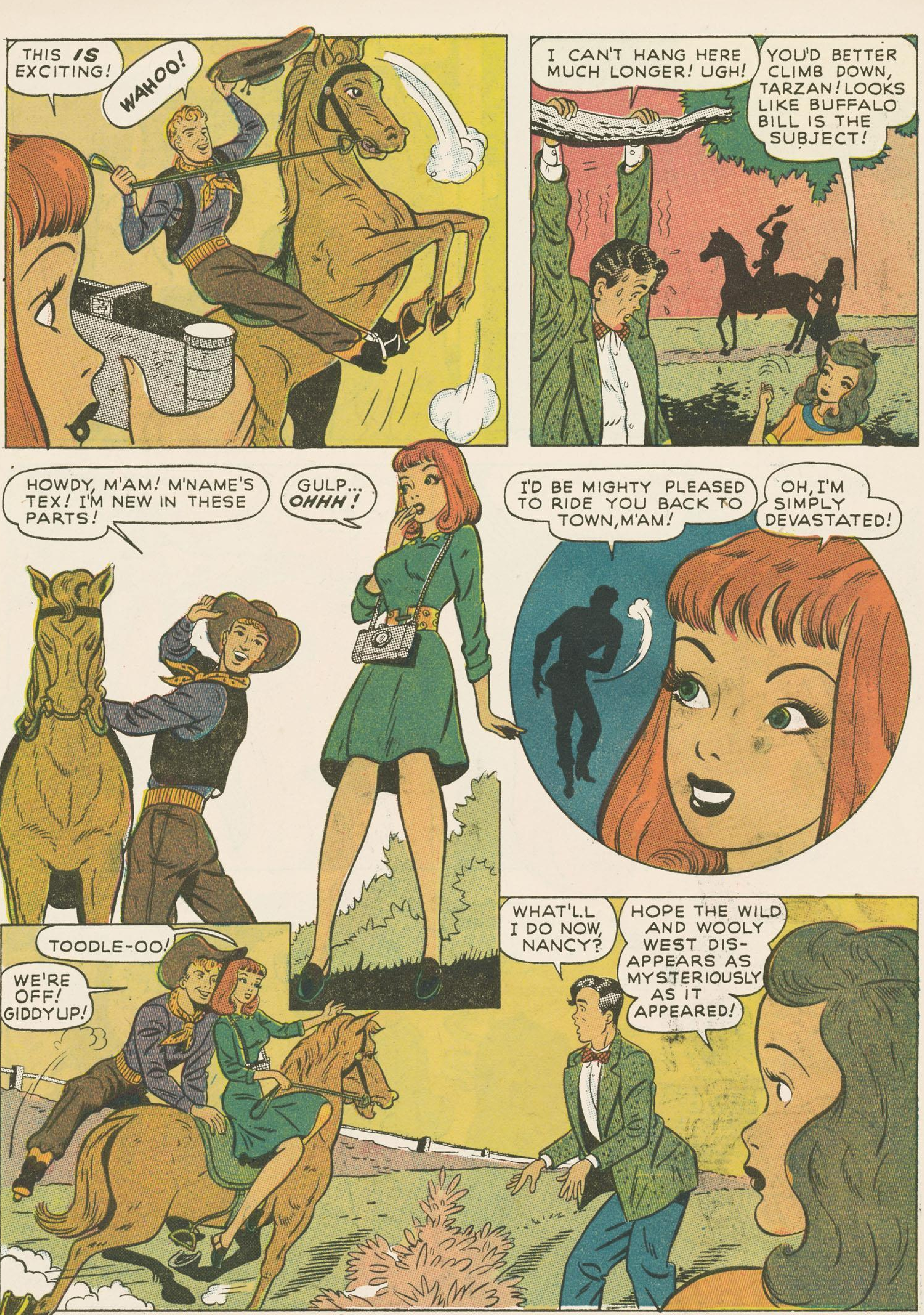

I CAN'T GET OVER THIS SUPERBLY MAGNIF CAMERA BUZZ SENT ME...
I CAN'T GET OVER HOW ANYONE MISSED UP ON THIS SWEET STUFF.

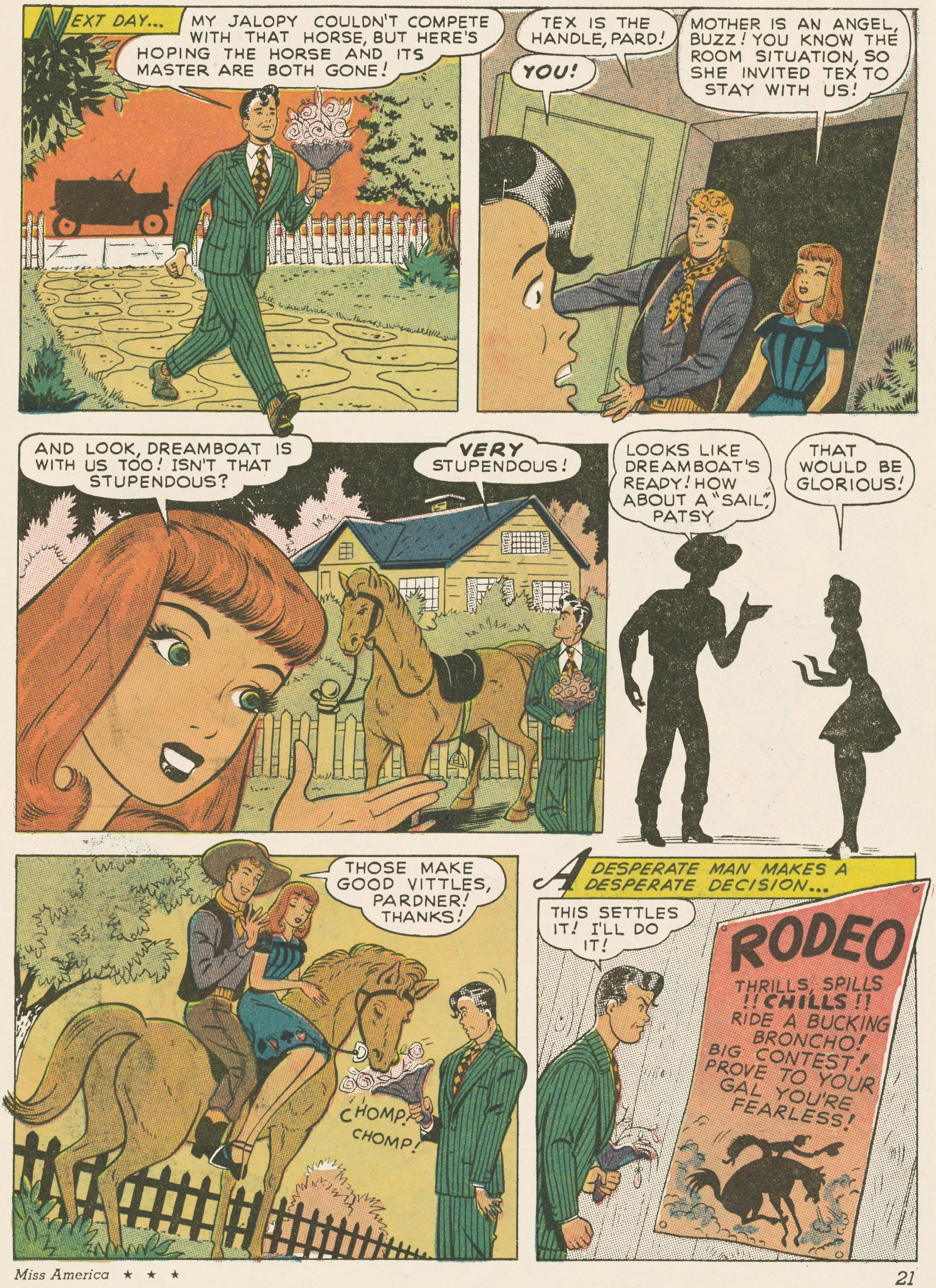

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE DECIDED! TAKING PICTURES IS GOING TO BE MY HOBBY THIS SUMMER!
HUH? YOU OVERWHELM ME! BUT DEF! (GULP!)

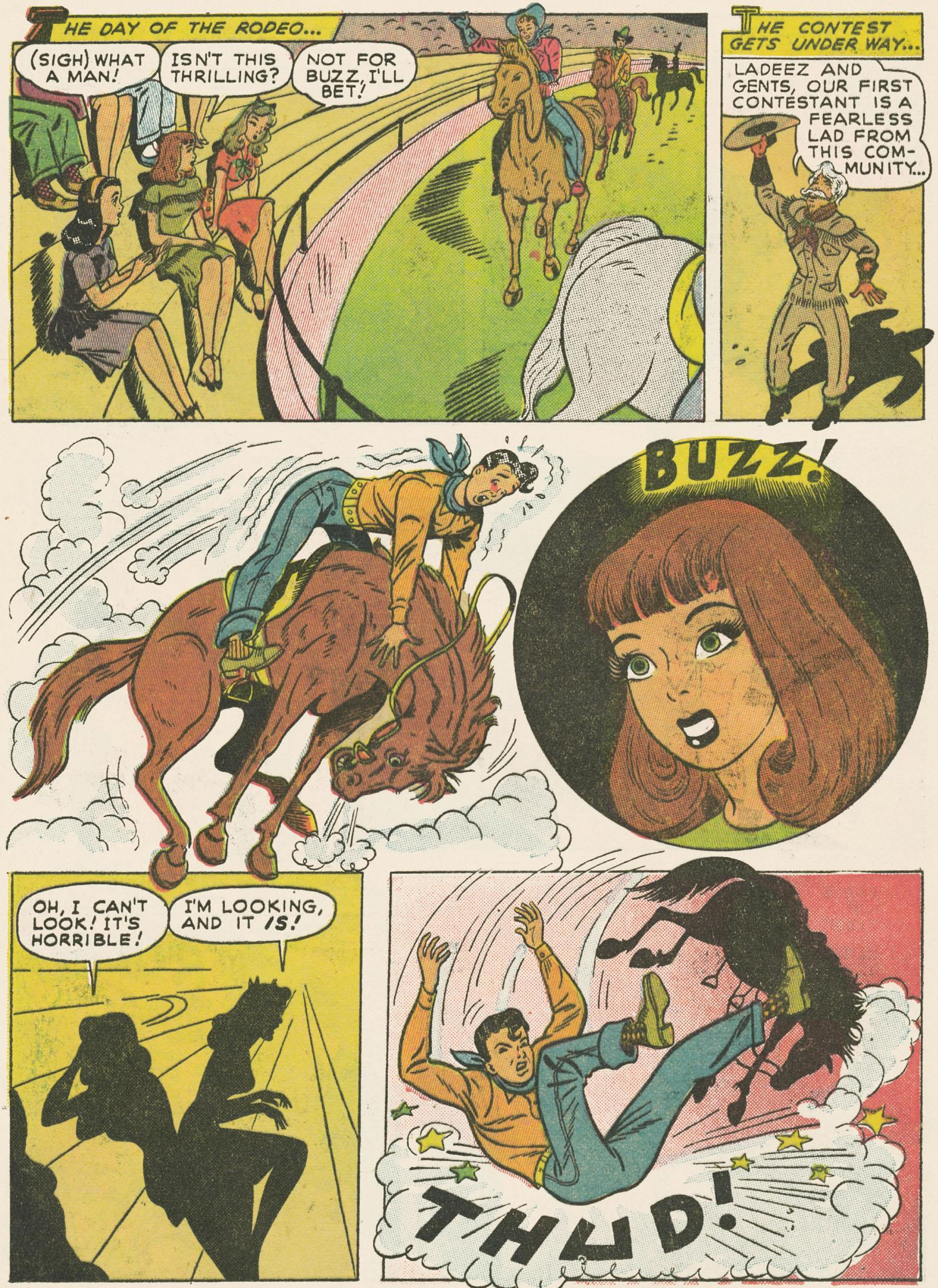

C'MON, NANCY... WE'RE OFF TO PHOTOGRAPH CENTERVILLE!
WAIT A MINUTE! FOR THIS I NEED NOURISHMENT!
HOW CAN YOU THINK OF NOURISHMENT WHEN I'M ABOUT TO LAUNCH AN ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR?
THAT'S EASY... SHOW ME FOOD AND I THINK OF EATING!
AND ALL CENTERVILLE PAUSES WHILE PATSY PHOTOGRAPHS PEOPLE AND PLACES FOR POSTERITY...
CLICK!
CLICK!
?
CLICK!
CLICK!
ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE PICTURES HERE OR CAN WE STOP AND REST?
I'M GOING TO TAKE THE FILM OUT AND HAVE IT DEVELOPED!
WHEW! WE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN MORE EXERCISE IF BUZZ HAD GIVEN YOU A GYMNASTIC SET!
JEEPERS! NO FILM!
HI, PATSY, I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME FILM!
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER! NOW I'LL CONCENTRATE ON A BETTER SUBJECT!
HERE COMES AN UNLIKELY ONE!

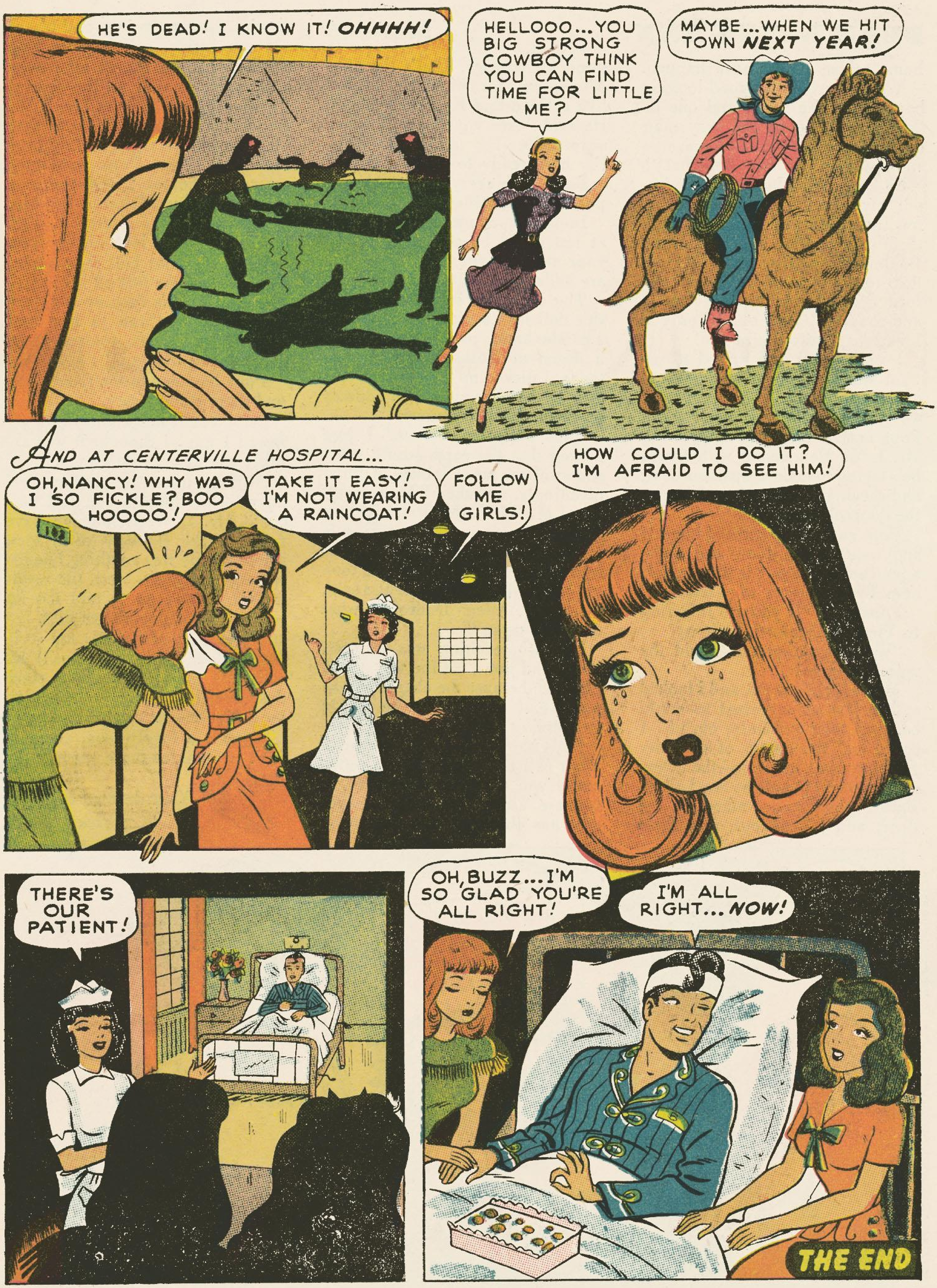

HERE I AM, YOU DARLING PEOPLE! A CAMERA! HOW WONDERFUL!
IT CERTAINLY IS! TOO BAD WE'RE LEAVING TO PHOTOGRAPH MY FAVORITE SUBJECT...
WELL!
...AND YOU'RE IT, BUZZ!
HUH?
THAT WAS QUICK THINKING!
I'M ECSTATIC! YOU'VE GOT YOUR JALOPY HERE, BUZZ! WE CAN MAKE A QUICK GET-AWAY!
BUT WHERE TO?
AWAY FROM HEDY- ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?
THIS SIDE UP
HEP
FOR WOMEN ONLY
ROOM AND
DRIVE OUT TO THE COUNTRY, BUZZ! I WANT A NICE SETTING FOR YOU!
GOSH, PATSY, I'M REALLY FLATTERED THAT YOU WANT TO TAKE MY PICTURE!
THIS SIDE UP
HEP
HANDLE WITH CARE!
STOP HERE, BUZZ! THIS IS JUST THE SPOT!
ROGER!


THAT TREE OUGHT TO MAKE A MAGNIFICENT BACKGROUND!
HOW'S THIS?
TOO ORDINARY!
MAYBE HE SHOULD GO INTO A TARZAN ACT!
THAT'S AN IDEA! TRY THE FIRST LIMB, BUZZ!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! NOW HOLD IT!
I... WHAT?
YIPEEEEE!
NOW, WHO CAN THAT BE?
PATSY... I...!


THIS *IS* EXCITING!
WAHOO!
I CAN'T HANG HERE MUCH LONGER! UGH!
YOU'D BETTER CLIMB DOWN, TARZAN! LOOKS LIKE BUFFALO BILL IS THE SUBJECT!
HOWDY, M'AM! M'NAME'S TEX! I'M NEW IN THESE PARTS!
GULP... *OHHH!*
I'D BE MIGHTY PLEASED TO RIDE YOU BACK TO TOWN, M'AM!
OH, I'M SIMPLY DEVASTATED!
TOODLE-OO!
WE'RE OFF! GIDDYUP!
WHAT'LL I DO NOW, NANCY?
HOPE THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST DISAPPEARS AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS IT APPEARED!


NEXT DAY...
MY JALOPY COULDN'T COMPETE WITH THAT HORSE, BUT HERE'S HOPING THE HORSE AND ITS MASTER ARE BOTH GONE!
TEX IS THE HANDLE, PARD!
YOU!
MOTHER IS AN ANGEL, BUZZ! YOU KNOW THE ROOM SITUATION, SO SHE INVITED TEX TO STAY WITH US!
AND LOOK, DREAMBOAT IS WITH US TOO! ISN'T THAT STUPENDOUS?
VERY STUPENDOUS!
LOOKS LIKE DREAMBOAT'S READY! HOW ABOUT A "SAIL," PATSY
THAT WOULD BE GLORIOUS!
THOSE MAKE GOOD VITTLES, PARDNER! THANKS!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
A DESPERATE MAN MAKES A DESPERATE DECISION...
THIS SETTLES IT! I'LL DO IT!
RODEO
THRILLS, SPILLS !! CHILLS !! RIDE A BUCKING BRONCHO! BIG CONTEST! PROVE TO YOUR GAL YOU'RE FEARLESS!


THE DAY OF THE RODEO...
(SIGH) WHAT A MAN!
ISN'T THIS THRILLING?
NOT FOR BUZZ, I'LL BET!
THE CONTEST GETS UNDER WAY...
LADEEZ AND GENTS, OUR FIRST CONTESTANT IS A FEARLESS LAD FROM THIS COMMUNITY...
BUZZ!
OH, I CAN'T LOOK! IT'S HORRIBLE!
I'M LOOKING, AND IT *IS*!
THUD!


HE'S DEAD! I KNOW IT! OHHHH!
HELLOOO...YOU BIG STRONG COWBOY THINK YOU CAN FIND TIME FOR LITTLE ME?
MAYBE...WHEN WE HIT TOWN NEXT YEAR!
AND AT CENTERVILLE HOSPITAL...
OH, NANCY! WHY WAS I SO FICKLE? BOO HOOOO!
TAKE IT EASY! I'M NOT WEARING A RAINCOAT!
FOLLOW ME GIRLS!
HOW COULD I DO IT? I'M AFRAID TO SEE HIM!
THERE'S OUR PATIENT!
OH, BUZZ...I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
I'M ALL RIGHT...NOW!
THE END

DEAR BETTY ANN

From Page 15

home to see what would happen.

Well, terrifically good-looking boys found the roses, and one of them proved to be the very man of her dreams—rich and handsome and dashing just like Bob Stack!

So Betts, the other day I simply put my name and address on a few little pieces of paper and took them over to Vine and Hollywood Boulevard, and innocently let them float to the four winds. Peter Lawford drove by in his red "town-and-country," and oh, if only a breeze had wafted him one!

I went home and waited to see what would happen, and nothing did immediately. Then . . . just as we were having dinner, (with Pops entertaining and impressing Mr. I. W. Henderson, with whom he's trying to make a business deal, and carving the roast leg of lamb) the doorbell rang.

Pops got up and excused himself and went to the door, and Betts, a man's voice says, "Is there a doll here by the name of Victoria?"

Pops said, "If you are referring to Victoria Dunford, there is."

"Well, send her out," said the voice. Imagine!

Moms looked at me, and I looked at her just as surprised as could be. And then suddenly, oh, oh! I could feel the breath of calamity freezing down upon me—the notes!

Anyway, I put on my best Lauren Bacall poise and walked to the door, and looked out, and there stood a character. That's the only description for him. He looked like a Dead-End Kid—only worse. He said, "Are you the doll who's advertising her address? Well, I'm here ready to make a date!"

Betts, with everyone listening, I positively mortified!

Pops stepped up, his face as red as red could be and said, "Hold your tongue, young fellow. You are addressing my daughter!"

The character said, "You mean this doll isn't a pick-up? Say, take a gander at this paper. She dropped a dozen at Hollywood and Vine today. I picked up ten of them, and they all had her name and address on them. See for yourself!"

Pops gave me *a look!* I just wished that the earth would open and swallow me. I looked at Pops pleadingly, and then Pops remembered Mr. I. W. Henderson sitting there in the dining room taking it all in, and he said. "I think I can settle this matter outside." He took me out on the front porch and said, "Victoria Allen Dunford, what does this mean?"

The whole thing was a mess, Betts, and not a bit the way I had planned, because the character was awful-looking. I'll bet he was a gambler, or even a kidnapper!

Pops said, "The only reason I don't call the police, sir, to reprimand you for your affrontery, is because Vickie is a fool teen-ager who has obviously seen too many movies. Now get going—and fast!"

I ran inside, and because I've watched Lauren Bacall take over a situation so well on the screen, I smiled delightfully at Mr. I. W. Henderson, reassuring him that all was quite all right, and skipped looking at Moms. Pops could only return to the table and continue carving the leg of lamb. But Mr. Henderson had a pretty puzzled and a suspicious look on his face.

When the door bell rang again, Pops jumped six feet off his chair! The look on his face even scared Moms, and she ran to him and said, "Now Father, control yourself. Don't get upset."

Pops bounded to the front door, and there stood Rusty.

Betts, you'll never know how relieved I was! I thought it was another character, with a note.

Anyway, after sixty million lectures on his humiliation and how could Mr. I. W. Henderson have faith in the stability of a man whose family was anything like his teen-age daughter—well, the result is that I can't go to any movies —which Pops doesn't see first.

Which sort of cramps my style for the time being, but Pops'll get over it. I hope! Meanwhile, since the most Rusty usually spends on me is his time, he's doing that now!

But it's a lovely idea, except it isn't workable—those notes. Oh, me!

Your devoted friend,
Vicky

STORIES
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SCREEN STARS
QUIZZES
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Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder

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Address...

Town..................*Zone*........*State*........

SOME BAFFLING BRAIN-TEASERS TO STUMP YOU EXPERTS...

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONVERSATION

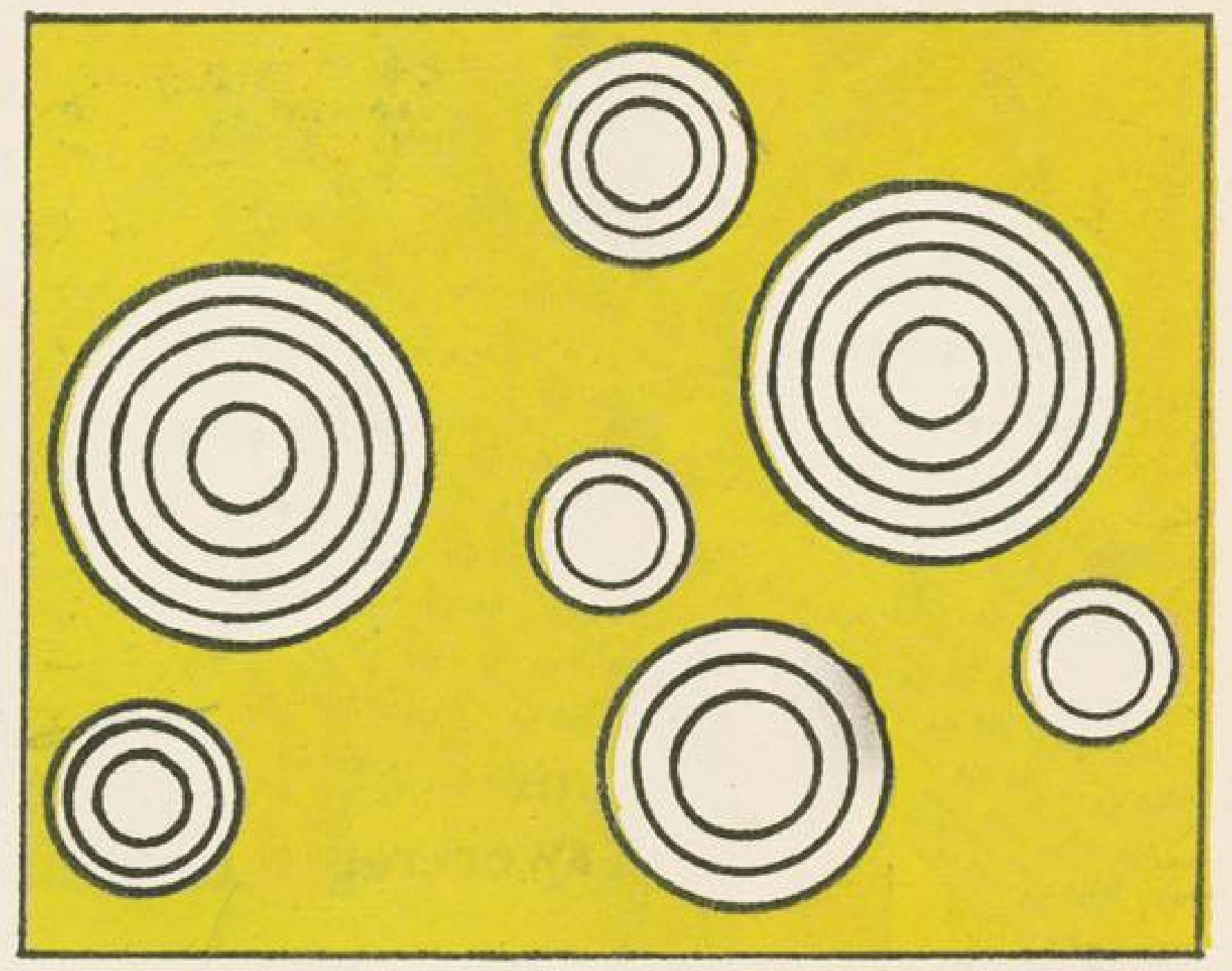
(A Poser)

On New Year's Day two friends were celebrating. The following conversation took place:

A. "This year I will be getting 30."
B. "I won't be 30 until next year."
A. "I thought you were 29 like myself."
B. "I am 29."
A. "Impossible! In this case you must also become 30 this year."
B. "No, it is as I said."

Can you explain the apparent contradiction?

HOW IS YOUR INTELLIGLANCE?



In the figure to the left you can see 7 wheels. Can you separate all the wheels from each other by drawing as few straight lines as possible so that—eventually—each wheel will be in a separate compartment surrounded by straight lines? How many lines do you need and where would you draw them (without using measuring devices)?

If you can find the correct answer in 3 minutes you are very good; a correct answer regardless of time is good.

HOME-TOWN CHARACTERS...

It seems as if in these days of shortages, the only persons who have homes are these well-known literary characters. See if you can "put them in their proper place"!

1. **PRISCILLA ALDEN**
2. **CAROL KENNICOTT**
3. **"MA" BAXTER**
4. **BECKY THATCHER**
5. **SCARLETT O'HARA**
6. **JO MARCH**
7. **BARBARA FRIETCHIE**
8. **FRANCIE NOLAN**
9. **POCAHANTAS**
10. **ANNABELLE LEE**

Virginia
Atlanta, Ga.
Gopher Prairie
Frederickstown, Md.
Plymouth Rock
Everglades, Fla.
Mississippi
Kingdom by the Sea
Brooklyn
Massachusetts

80-100 is a top score; 60-80, okay—below that, maybe you're better at outdoor games!

COINS ON END

1) Which is higher, one dime on end, or 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 dimes in a pile?

2) Which is higher, a nickel on end, or 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19 nickels in a pile?

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS...

See how well your vocabulary IQ holds up under these... You should get 'em all right, but one or two...

1—If sad means grievous, then a sadist is:
a) one who grieves, b) one who's cruel to loved ones, c) a Sad Sack.

2—If ham is the meat of a pig, then hamlet is:
a) a little pig, b) a small village, c) a Shakespearian character.

3—If a year is twelve months, the yearling is:
a) six months, b) a calf, colt or lamb, c) Gregory Peck.

4—If germ is a seed, then a German is:
a) a plant, b) an ill man, c) a native of Germany.

5—If a boy is a member of the male sex, then a boycott is:
a) a baby male, b) a bed for boys, c) a concerted act expressing disapproval.

6—If May is the fifth month, then a mayor is:
a) one who was born in May, b) a magistrate of a city or borough, c) one who is five months old.

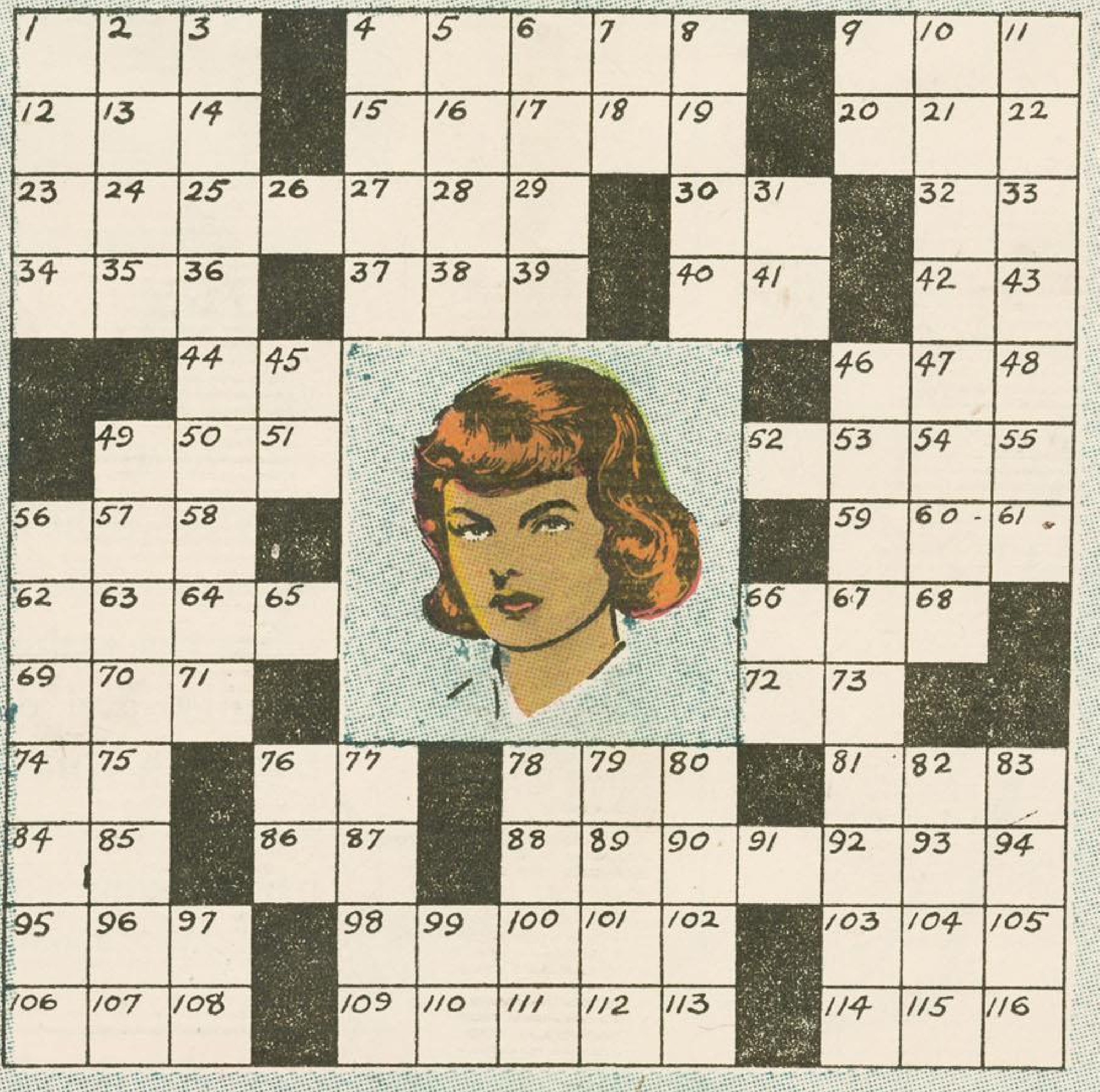
7—If act is the process of doing, than an actor is:
a) one who performs, b) the "Oscar", c) Margaret O'Brien.

8—If plan is a method or scheme, then planet is:
a) a small scheme, b) a plan to catch someone, c) a body that revolves around the sun.

9—If mast is an upright post, then a mastiff is:
a) a post holding stiff sails, b) a giant dog of very old breed, c) a stiff man.

10—If cat is a domesticated animal, than catalog is:
a) a wooden cat, b) a complete enumeration of items, c) a nimble logger.

Puzzling Situations



ACROSS

1—She won New York theater audiences with her magnificent portrayal of *Jean d'* - - -.
4—As an actress, she's - - - - -.
9—Her daughter's name.
12—Contraction for little.
15—Poe's famous bird, who quoth: nevermore.
20—Conjunction.
23—Don't miss, MISS - - - - - - - !
30—State of Virginia: ab.
32—Half of good-bye.
34—Representing what is newest.
37—The stronger sex.
40—Material measure: ab.
42—Printer's measure. (not ab.)
44—Post office.
46—Anger.
49—Well, whose brae's are bonny?
52—Likewise it's - - - -s and glades.
56—Tit for - - -.
59—Landing Ship Tank: init.
62—Makes a mistake.
66—Don't get into one.
69—Jolson's actual first name.
72—Exist.
74— - -, the (78 down) is sleeping!
76—Fifth note of the scale.
78—What people do at auctions.
81—George Gershwin's brother.
84—Exclamation of mirth.
86—Pair: ab.
88—Graced.
95—What the hills are.
98—Great showman—ask dad!
103—Finis.
106—A thickness or layer of cloth.
109—*Her* co-star in "Arch of Triumph".
114—First half of novelist's second name.

DOWN

1— - - - -'s our Ladd!
2—Neither - - - -, nor reason.
3—She and Caesar made history!
4—Prudish
5—Speed competition
6—"- - - -, the terrible"
8—Long for, covet.
9—Keystone state: ab.
10—Concern
11—Resolved, stubborn.
31—B.C. and - -
45—Animal of burden
46—Another way of saying "*her* name in lights"
49—Hubba, hubba—when Thompson's his last name.
56—Small eating place.
66—Cheer
76—Famous Hollywood columnist: init.
77—Native of Arabia.
78—Small child
79—New England brainstorm
80—Man of action
82—Biggest little city in the world
83—Sums up
97—Comb. form: two
99— - - and behold!

ALL PUZZLE ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 46

NO HURT—NO HEART...

It's more fun to swing on the gate (of love) than be given it...

by bonnie gay

KATHY SHANNON knew that she would never forget the feeling that came over her the night that she met Jock Mallard. One look—just one—and her heart had whispered: "Wrap him up, that's for me!"

It was as simple as all that. She had been dancing with Buzz Davis at the time. (The orchestra was playing an oldie: *My Guy* and Jock had cut in—right at the line "And nobody knows better than I, that he's my guy.")

Buzz had grudgingly obliged with introductions, muttering something about "They don't care who they let in to these frat dances, nowadays."

They didn't say much. Kathy wasn't one for turning on the yappity-yapping charm the moment a lad cut in. She was too busy administering a mental pinch—just to prove to herself that it was true. Was she really dancing with Jock Mallard—the same Jock she'd watched at football practice for the past two months? The Jock she had seen every Friday and Saturday night at Hamburger Heaven (surrounded by four or five giggling, adoring high school sophs?) Was she really in the arms of Jock Mallard, six foot one, eyes of blue, a senior class officer with shoulders that need padding like a fly needs DDT?

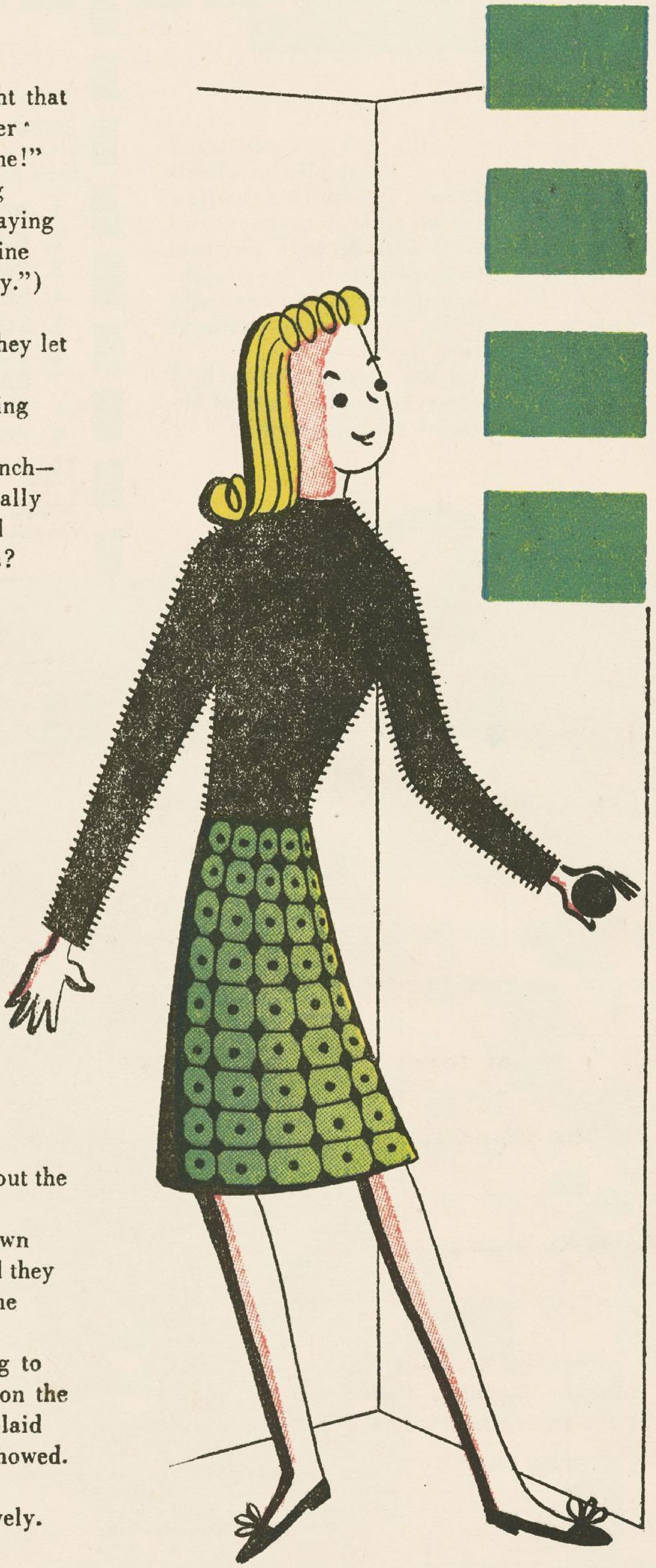
As for Jock—he was glad that the vision in blue hadn't spoiled things by springing a line on him. (What was her name, anyway? Kathleen Shaddon? Haddon? Kathleen Something . . . something Irish, like her dark hair and violet eyes . . .)

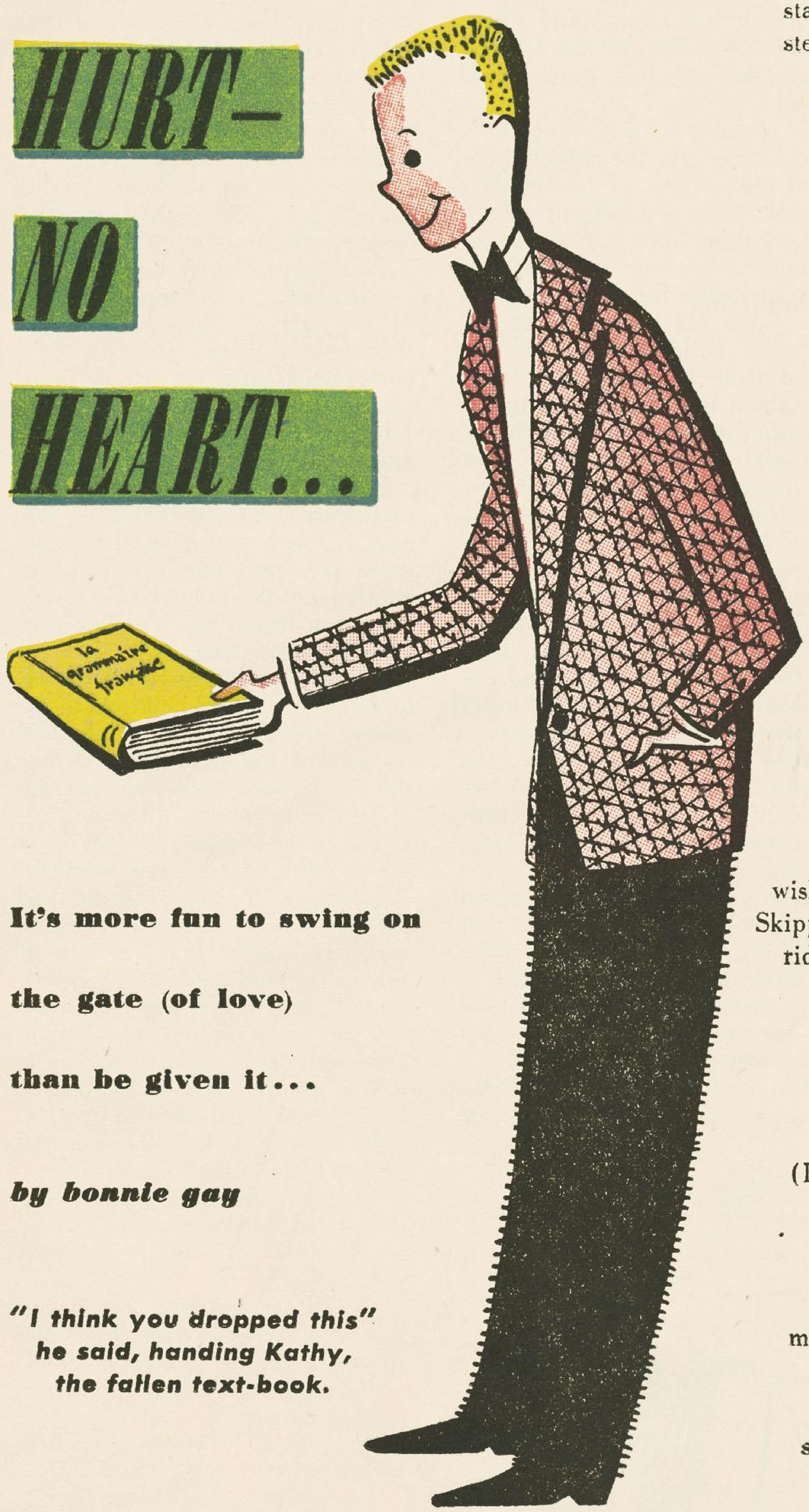
He had been watching her all evening, liking the way in which she held her head when she danced, the dreamy, graceful manner she had as she changed from one partner's arms to another's with a shy, yet interested smile that you felt you could warm your hands—and heart—in front of.

Yes, he mused, this is nice. His arm tightened about the small waist as he executed a few steps in the direction of the French doors which had been thrown open to admit the cool-for-June night. It wasn't until they had danced into the most moon-drenched spot on the veranda that they'd stopped . . . and laughed.

"You know, if this were the movies, you'd sing to me now" Kathy prompted, as she settled herself on the wide marble railing and arranged the folds of plaid taffeta so that just the tips of her silver sandals showed. Jock climbed up beside her.

"But this isn't the movies" he reminded her gravely. "This is real. This is us. And though I don't even know your last name Kathy-Whoever-You-Are, I want to see you again tomorrow. And the next day. And the next."





"I think you dropped this" he said, handing Kathy, the fallen text-book.

And that's how it happened. How Kathy Shannon, who had always sworn that she would stay footloose and trance-y free, became the steady of the biggest man on the campus.

At first, it was fun. Fun to be sure of a date for all of the football games. To be paired off with him for the after-game parties. To occupy the best student seat on the fifty yard line and be pointed out (by swivel-necked, envious girls) as "Jock Mallard's Big Moment!" Those were golden days for Kathy when she sat in the grandstand and watched the players as they sprinted on the field, her eyes leapfrogging over the crimson and gold jerseys till they'd singled out the numeral 9—Jock's number.

Yes, Kathy was "Jock's girl."

So much so, in fact, that it never occurred to her to miss the dates with the other boys—dates which had mysteriously stopped the night Jock and she met. Whenever the phone rang, it was always Jock. Never Buzz or Tommy or Skipper. And it was all right with Kathy. At times, she almost wished that she *could* bring herself to miss Skipper's corny puns and those Friday night rides in Buzz's convertible. But she couldn't. Jock was enough. For three whole months he was enough.

And then, on a day that started off like any other day, something happened.

She had been waiting for Jock in their special booth at Hamburger Heaven. (It was an every afternoon occurrence. They had a standing order with Red, the fountain boy, for an extra creamy malted and a cheeseburger. No onion.)

But this afternoon, Jock was late. Five minutes late by her watch, ten minutes by the electric clock over the door. Kathy wasn't worried—not really worried, that is. It wasn't like Jock to hold a grudge and last night's fight seemed so silly in the daylight that she hadn't even bothered to think about it all afternoon.

Maybe, Kathy reasoned, as she tore a paper napkin to shreds, maybe they called scrimmage practice. Or perhaps, she decided, as she stared at the tempting illustration of a banana split which was glued to the mirror above the fountain, Jock had decided to take that re-exam in physics. At any rate, he'd be coming in any moment, a twisted, half-apologetic Guy Madison smile on his face.

But Jock didn't come. And Kathy slid over in the corner of the bench so that Red wouldn't be able to see her or wonder why she hadn't ordered—if only for herself. She leaned her head against the maple paneling and closed her eyes, loosening the reins on the thoughts she had kept checked all day. They tumbled over one another . . . a maze of sentences from last night's date. For instance, in the beginning of the evening: "Tell me, Miss Shannon, what makes you look so lovely?" and then later on: (after she had become quiet because she'd found him staring at Bettie King—who fancied herself a Hedy Bacall—) "You know, Kathy, you're much prettier with your own violet eyes . . . green ones don't become you."

She had objected to the inference of jealousy, of course, and had told him so. It was their first quarrel and Kathy was miserable. It was so ugly and not at all the way she had pictured it. They'd walked home in silence while Kathy framed her words of apology. But all of the contrite sentences slipped away—like soap in a hot tub—the moment Jock tilted her chin, looked at her a long, hard moment and said: "Kathy, just remember that easy does it!"

The nerve of him! To tell HER to go easy. To try the old don't-fence-me-in technique after three months of rushing her off her feet! Kathy's head jerked as she hustled the remainder of her thoughts back into the darkest corner of her mind.

Now she grabbed her text books and started for the door but stopped dead as she heard her French grammar fall to the floor with a thud. For ten whole, terrible seconds it seemed to Kathy that everyone in the room had stopped talking to turn to look at her. She was blushing now and there were scalding tears pushing her eyelids.

"I think you dropped this" a voice said—a very nice voice that went so well with the tweed sport jacket and crew haircut.

Kathy's heart did a somersault. She experimented with a smile—if only to check the near flow of tears.

"I think I did, too" and then, over her shoulder as she leaned against the swinging door "and thanks!"

The door swung around and Kathy hurried out, the smile lingering at the corners of her mouth.

So that's the new student everyone is making such a fuss about, she mused, clutching the book that was responsible for their meeting. What WAS his name? It began with a T. Todd perhaps? Kathy wished that she could remember more about him. To tell the truth, she hadn't bothered to listen to the other girls as they discussed him over tuna sandwiches and lemon cokes. She had been too wrapped up in Jock then. She did know, however, that he wasn't associated with a fraternity. (So much the better! He wouldn't know about the No Trespassing sign that Jock had tacked to her heart.) And unless Kathy was mistaken, the heart that should be labeled: Vacancy.

Kathy's loafers skimmed the sprawling bush in front of her house. What was the matter with her anyway? She was happy! Actually happy—not crushed or blue or depressed because Jock had stood her up—but almost grateful that something had happened to make her think this thing out. To look at the business of going steady—look it in the eye—and see exactly what it had netted her.

Not much, she had to admit. Three months of popularity. Of social security. Then? The Gate!

HAIRCUTS, HAIRDOS FOR YOUNG LADIES

Kathy kicked at the top step. By rights, she should be in tears. It wasn't like her to throw off the old for the new with such abandon. Not like her to feel so absurdly happy that Todd (if that was his name) had looked at her with eyes more than just vaguely interested.

Kathy reached for the doorknob. Then stopped, her hand in mid-air. Someone was on the porch!

"Nice of you to hurry right home" the voice began sourly, from a reclining spot on the glider.

Jock! Kathy gulped.

"Oh, Jock," she began brokenly, "I *am* sorry!" Jeepers, this was Wednesday, wasn't it? She had completely forgotten about their week-old agreement to forego Hamburger Heaven every Wednesday and go bowling instead.

But Jock wasn't in the mood for apologies. He was furious—and said as much as he paced up and down the front porch. He said a whole lot of things but Kathy didn't bother to listen. She was too busy with her own thoughts.

As she saw it, she had a choice to make. She could continue to go steady with Jock (after all, he had no way of knowing that she had thought he had "cancelled" her out of his dating life this afternoon...) or she could suggest that they both see a little less of one another. And suggest it now, while she had the nerve to do so. Kathy knew she could be wrong, but somehow or other, she interpreted this afternoon's episode as a dress rehearsal—a sneak preview of what might very well be happening to her in a few months. So, if I'm smart, Kathy argued, I'll take this way out.

Meanwhile Jock, it seemed, had paused for breath.

"Are you listening to me?" he demanded, in a voice that curled up on the edges—it was that burning.

Kathy grinned.

"I am, Mr. Mallard. But unless I'm mistaken, I also hear the phone—and it might be for me."

She patted his shoulder as she crossed the porch.

"And Jock, I'd like a few words myself when I come back . . ."

The phone continued to ring.

"I know it isn't Buzz. Or Tommy. Or Skipper," she called over her shoulder. "But you know, it just might be Todd!"

And it was.

ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR
BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

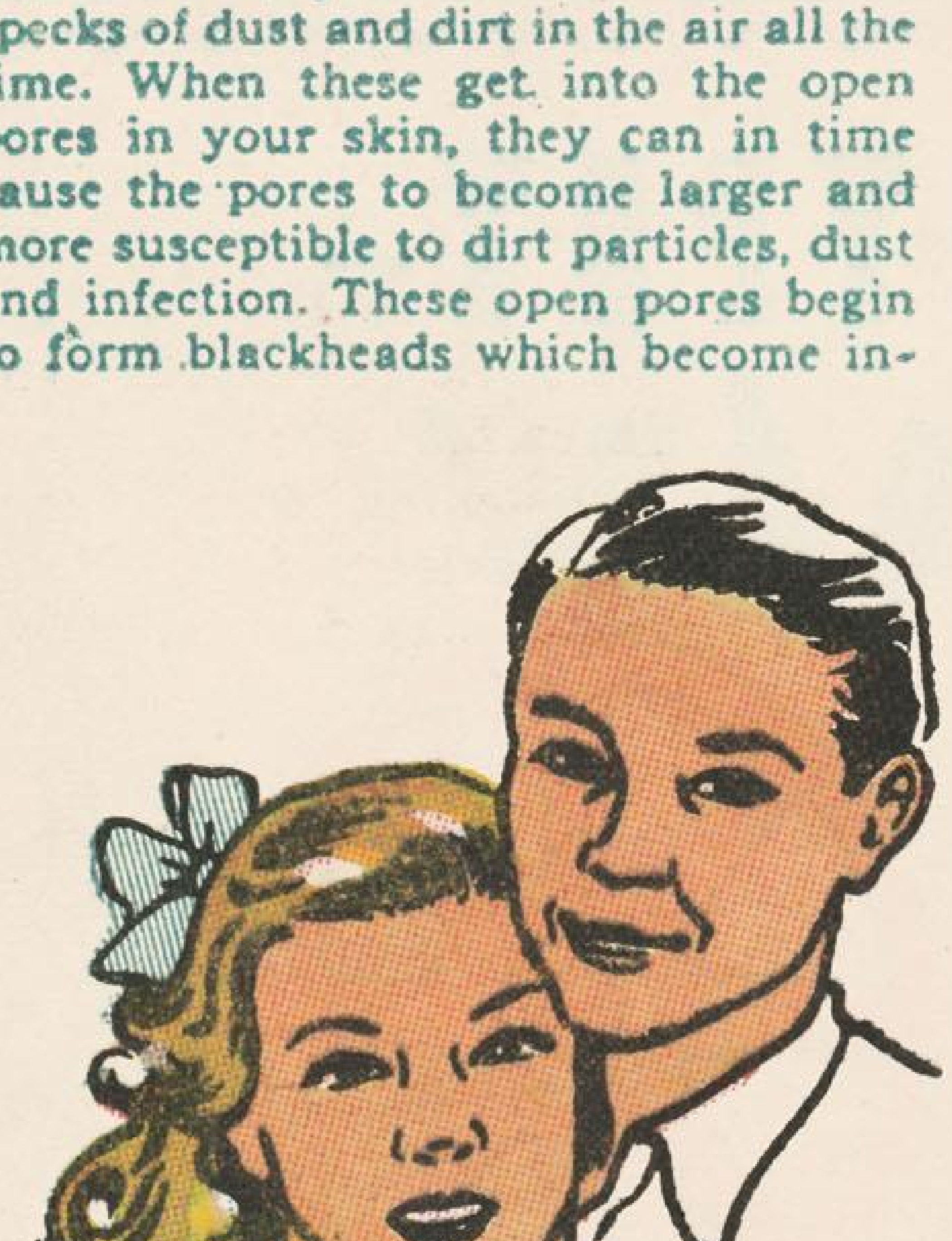
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



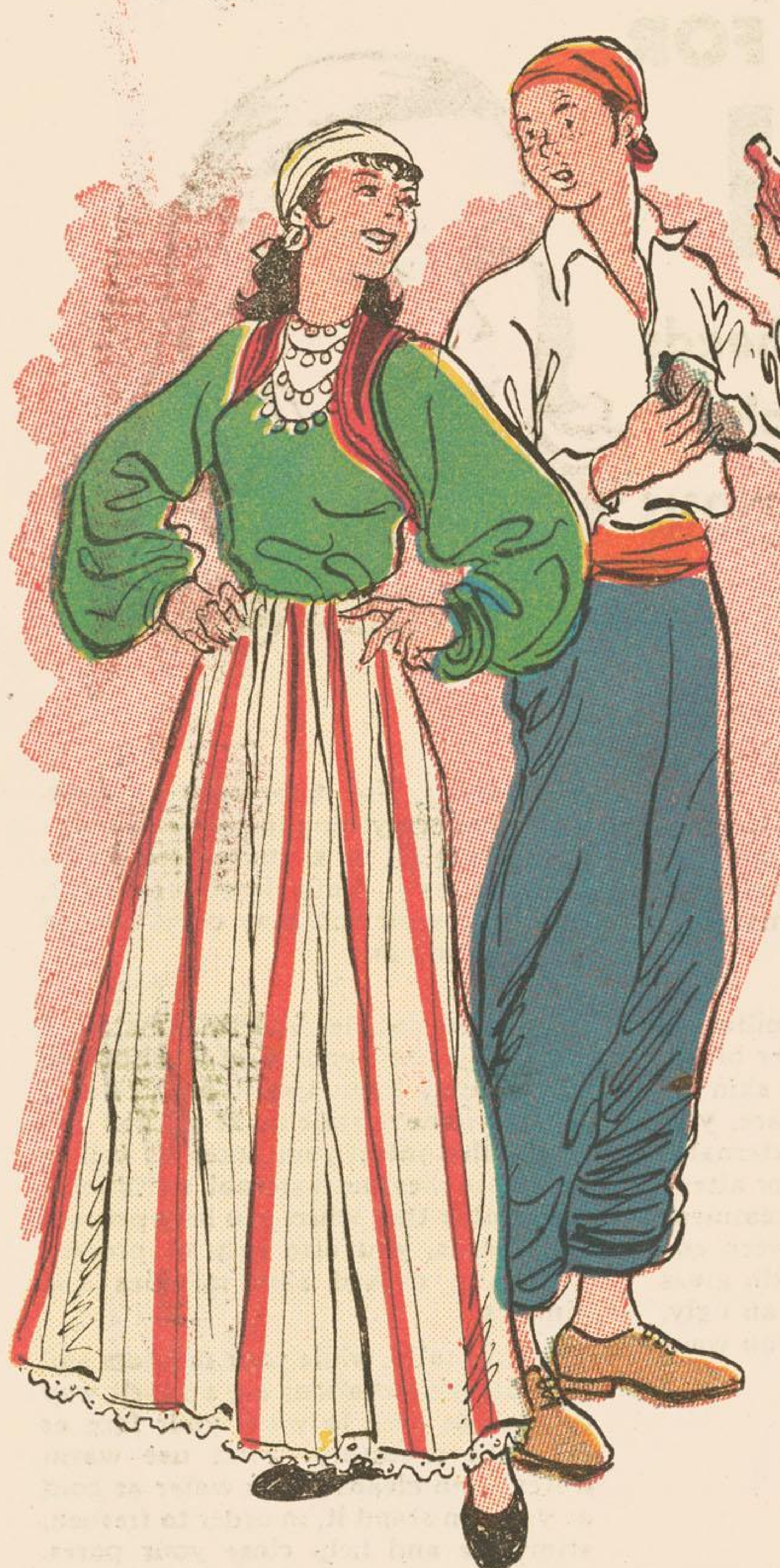
The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

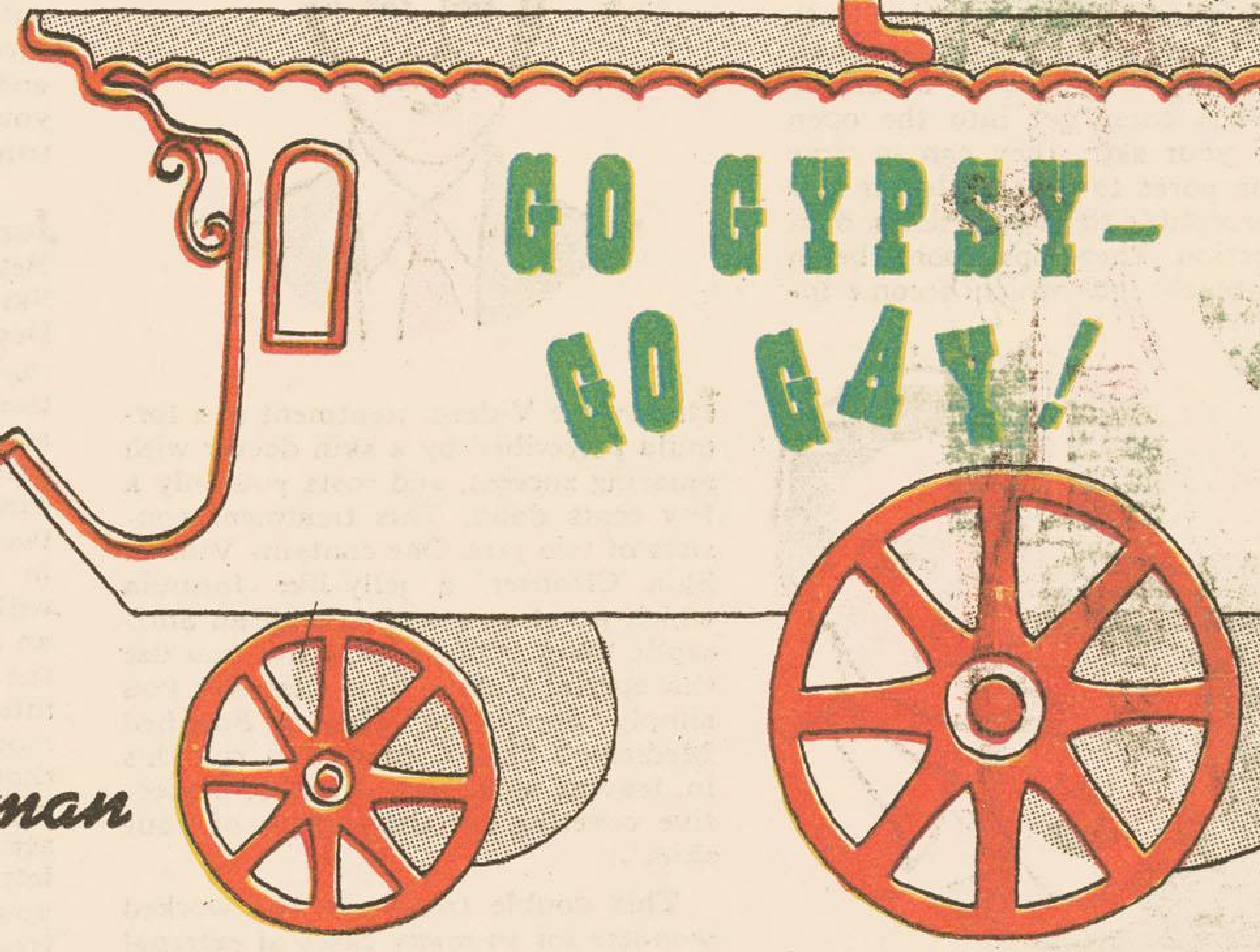
This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too *— in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 172 New York 2, N. Y By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.





GO GYPSY— GO GAY!

...with the happiest party ever! Color, costumes— high fun galore in this gay gypsy jamboree!'

by Annette Blackman

Gypsies, laughing, singing, dancing gypsies are the wandering minstrels of the world—so let's try to pack all of their wonderful gay, carefree spirit into this party! Color is the theme, high fun is the keynote! Now get set for the best party ever given—your GYPSY JAMBOREE! Invitations can be drawn and cut-out in the shape of a caravan (see illustration) holding within a precious, gypsy secret—like this one: "Mia, the gypsy-leader has discovered a wonderful new campsite at 715 Avenue J.

The band is secretly gathering there, 8:00
Friday night for an evening of
FUN! FOOD! FROLIC!
Won't you join us?"

Now that you've established the camp site, let's look around 715—Where'll we hold the jamboree? Outdoors under the stars, around a roaring campfire seems a natural, you say, in keeping with the tried-and-true gypsy tradition. And perish forbid, we do anything at all ungypsy-ish this evening—so out to the backyard at 715, we go. (Backyards make dandy gypsy camping grounds, you know. But should there be any difficulty involved, why you can hie off to the nearest picnic grounds, where there's a fireplace or grill.)

In the very center of camp, is where we'll build the fire. If your backyard does not have an outdoor fireplace, it's simple-as-Simon to build one. Collect a few of your strong-arm gypsies several days beforehand along with some bricks and cement-mixer, putti, putti. *Put them all together, they spell*: outdoor fireplace. (All that's needed, actually, is a back, two sides, and a chimney for a draft.)

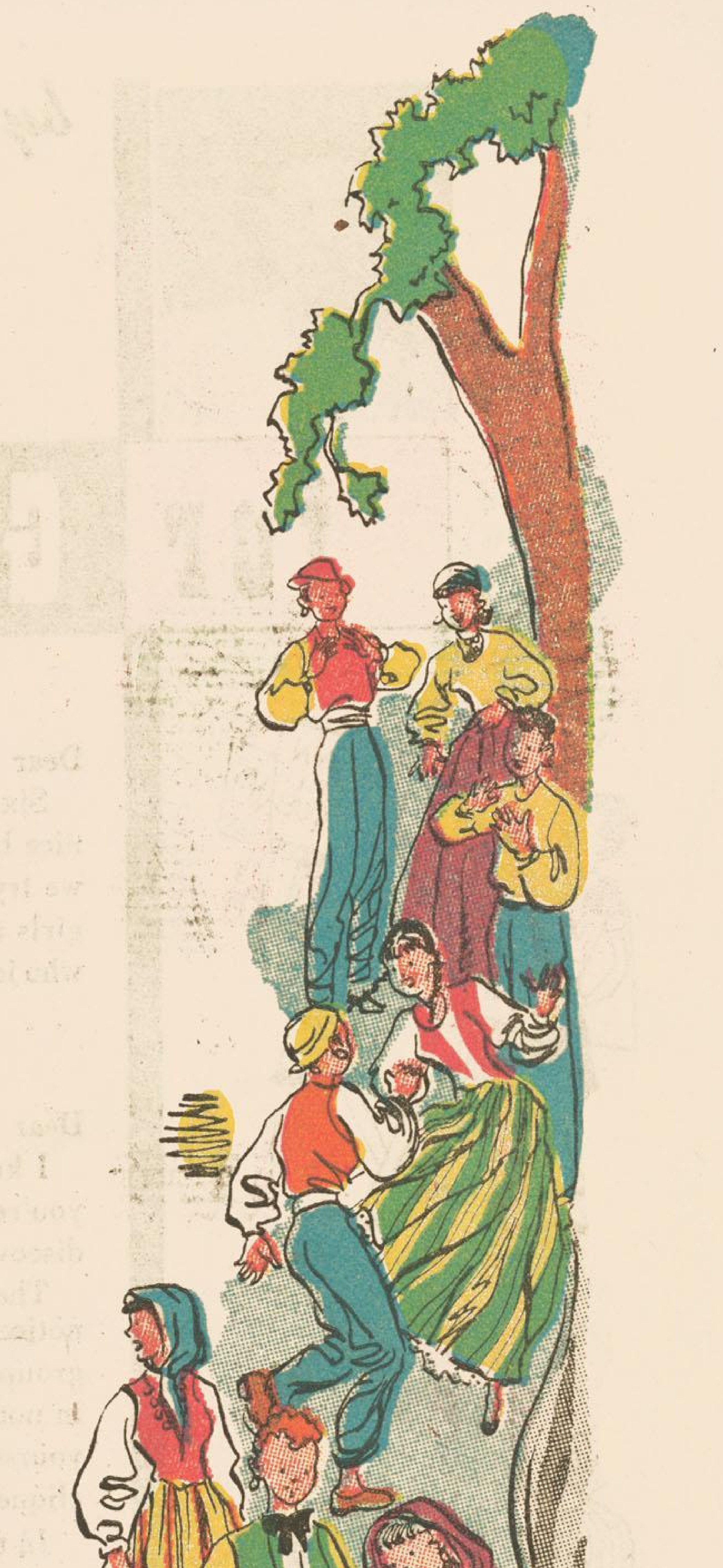
As we said before, gypsies are a colorful folk, literally speaking. So let color run riot at your place. Festoons, streamers, balloons, odd bits and pieces nonchalantly strewn around—*everything* goes, as the joyous gypsies know. String balloons along the hedges through the branches, crepe paper along the trellis to create "atmosphere." (In case of rain, and you decide to hold your jamboree indoors, *run* for the nearest basement having a fireplace, and decorate the room likewise—splash your stuff hither and yon, the more the merrier!)

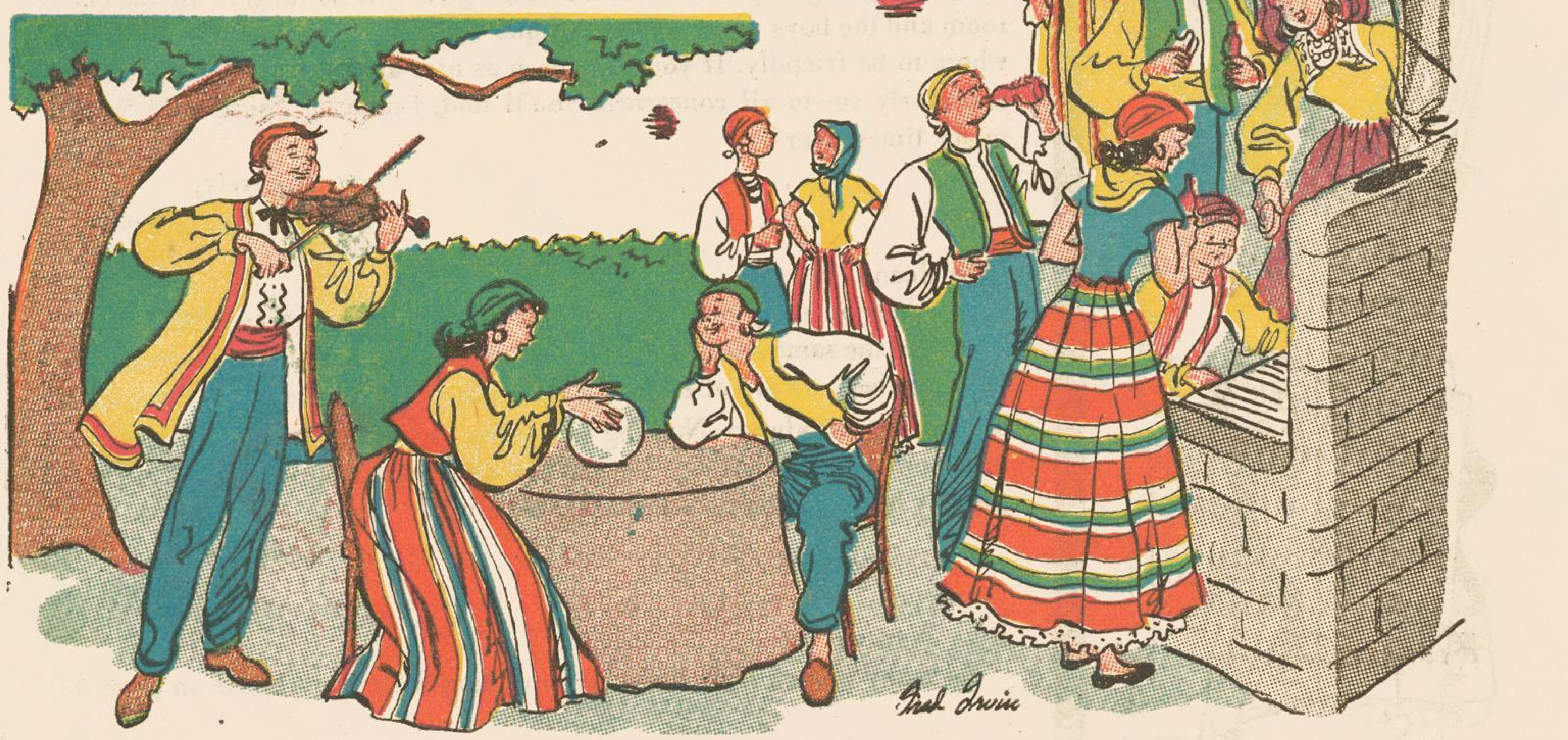
Gypsies stroll all over the place, laughing and humming. Girls in gay dirndls, topped by bright peasant blouses, scarves, shawls,—and for this once (just this once, remember!) heavy lipstick and rouge—wearing of course, their own natural summer tan for swarthiness, underneath it all.

Fellows, "barefoot boys with cheeks of tan"—look dashing and very gypsy in borrowed, full-sleeved white blouses, jeans, and startling colored sashes looped about their middles. They wear red scarves turbaned around their heads, and have small, black moustaches pencilled on their upper lips. Here's where both you and the Big Guy can wear plenty of jewelry, without overdoing it. Bangle bracelets that jingle-jangle merrily on your arms, long, gold earrings, bead necklaces—gypsies adore pretty trinkets, so go all out on 'em!

'Course, you'll have a very special gypsy—the fortune teller. "By yon star overhead, by yon fire so red, by yon tree so tall, by this huge, crystal ball" she can foresee the future, repeat the past. She is the old, wise one, the gypsy granny, the diviner supreme. She wears a long, flowing skirt, high heels, white blouse, covered by shawls galore. Her crystal ball (perhaps, an inverted gold-fish bowl, set down on a chair in front of her to resemble a ball, if you have difficulty finding one) is indeed a veritable wealth of information concerning the future. Long has she lived, and many wondrous things seen, so she is now able to predict what's to come. Ay, a true prophet, the old one is!

To add to the show, you'll need the lovely, plaintive strains of a gypsy violin, of course. Indoors or out, you can set up the record player and stack discs near it, reflecting the quick, vivacious or the sad, melodic moods of the gypsy folk. The (Continued on page 46)





by jean goodman

Something on your mind? Wondering where to turn? That's just what our friendly Jean is here for . . . to help ease you over the hurdle of that perplexing problem. . . .

for GIRLS ONLY...

CLIQUES ARE BAD!
DOWN WITH CLIQUES
NO CLIQUES
DON'T CLICK WITH CLIQUES

Dear Jean:

Six girls have formed a clique in our room. Some of the girls are really nice but some of them won't even talk to the rest of us, no matter how nice we try to be. They have all the cute boys and seem to think the rest of us girls are dirt. To top it off, there is one boy in the clique I like very much who is awfully nice to me. What can I do?

Sincerely,
Pauline

Dear Pauline:

I know so well how you feel. Cliques aren't fun whatsoever, even when you're "in"—because you have to try so hard to stay "in" and soon you discover it is not worth the effort!

The only consolation I can give you is that if you will watch—you will notice that such cliques never last long and shortly the girls who were in the group will be finding new friends and looking for new groups. You are wise in not joining, for you can afford to be nice to everyone and thus will find yourself rich with friends who will be your friends long after the classroom clique has been broken up.

In time, the group will be no more, the girls will no longer rule the classroom and the boys who are in the clique will be looking for other girls with whom to be friendly. If you have been as nice as you know how to be—but not overly so—to all concerned, you'll find, I'm sure, *Pauline* the winner many times over!

Sincerely,
Jean

Dear Jean:

Aren't brothers pests! My problem is that of having an older brother. We share the same room and from the moment we wake in the morning until we go to bed, we are at each other's throats. I know that sometimes I'm to blame—but not always. Nothing I do seems to please him. Also, I try to keep our room neat and he doesn't make any effort at all. He's 16 and I'm 15, but the way he tries to boss me around is too much!

Your friend,
Nancy

Dear Nancy:

So many of you girls write in requesting help (Continued on page 43)

TO THE MANNER BRAWN

From page 7

to her escort's arm as if for strength; the other rested on her heart to still its fluttering.

The boy peering anxiously into her little face said, "I hope the dance wasn't too much for you, Priscilla. You're so delicate!"

Priscilla closed her eyes.

"If you'll help me just a teensy, weensy bit. Joe," she said with a brave little smile, "I'll just go over and sit by Great Grandmama Waltham until I'm rested."

As the boy led her tenderly toward the chair next to Great Grandma Waltham, other black coated youths gathered about it to welcome her. One eased the chair forward an inch; a tall boy with tousled hair hurried off for a cup of punch; another snatched a tray of tiny sandwiches from a waiter.

Priscilla sank gracefully into the chair and leaned back in a posture of complete exhaustion.

"No, no punch," she said. "But it was utterly sweet of you, James. And no sandwich, Ronald. But thank you, thank you, thank you. I—I guess the excitement is just too much for poor little me!"

The boys nodded understandingly. Poor little Priscilla, so fragile, so in need of a man's strength.

Great Grandmama Waltham's sharp old eyes had not missed a move in her great granddaughter's processional of helplessness. Turning to her crony, Mrs. Herman, the old lady said, "I've got to say something private to my great granddaughter. Excuse me."

"Listen, Toots," Great Grandmama Waltham said to Priscilla's ear, "don't overdo it. You're getting positively hammy."

Priscilla blinked her big eyes.

"Certainly, Great Grandmama," she said aloud. "I'll try not to overexert myself." Then in a whisper, "Okay, I'll watch myself."

Turning again to Mrs. Herman, Priscilla's aged relative laughed and said, "That great granddaughter of mine is only 16 but already she has more suitors any girl that age has had in the past 80 years. Eighty from 96 leaves 16—yes, 80 years ago my father used to have to brush "passels" of young men off our front porch every night at ten o'clock—but I was talking about my great granddaughter. Perhaps you would care to have the story from the beginning, Mrs. Herman?"

* * *

Anyone who has known my great granddaughter from babyhood as I have (said Great Grandmama Waltham) would never have picked her to become the most sought-after young lady in town. From the very day that she took her first toddling step it was evident that she was endowed with a minimum of femininity and a maximum of brawn, characteristics which were to win her the neighborhood title of Little Miss Muscles before she was ten. At a time when any normal little girl could be expected to stand in front of toy shop windows ogling dolls, Priscilla usually could be found in a sports shop among the dumbbells and Indian clubs.

I was sitting quietly on my grandson's front porch one summer afternoon — he's the child's father—keeping an eye on Priscilla who was playing in the front yard. Suddenly the little girl called in lisping childish tones, "Yoohoo! Boy! C'mere!"

The gate to the yard opened and a freckled-faced lad of about four years—Priscilla was then three—came timidly into sight.

"Shake hands, boy!" she said.

The little boy thrust out a hesitant and grimy paw. Priscilla seized him about the wrist with both hands, drew his arm over her shoulder and, spinning about, bent forward quickly tossing the boy into the air over her head. He landed face down and screaming on the lawn and Priscilla quickly sat astride him, rotating his head from left to right, until his nose had dug a furrow in the ground.

When I had recovered from the faintness brought on by this degrading spectacle I rescued the little boy from Priscilla who promptly kicked me where no Waltham gentlewoman has ever been kicked before.

I scolded her, I reasoned with her and I pointed out that no real lady would act as she had done but she was singularly unrepentent.

"Tell the little boy you are sorry, Priscilla," I said.

"Me win," Priscilla said, grinning and flexing her muscles. "Play again, boy?"

You know these last 30 or 40 years I've spent all my time visiting my relatives. I stay a month or two here and a month or two there until I've visited them all and then I start around again. The family has grown so large that it was about four years—and Priscilla was seven—before I saw her again.

Her Uncle Pat, the one with all the money, who was an All-American halfback at Princeton, arrived the same day I did at my grandson's. Uncle Pat is a bachelor but very fond of children and we'd all hoped that some day he might do something really important financially for Priscilla's family.

Uncle Pat is prouder of his strength than any man I've ever known and so after supper he began to show off. Because my grandson needed some fresh capital in his business we all applauded heartily when Uncle Pat tore a telephone book in two and he said, "That's nothing. Watch this."

We all followed him outside to Priscilla's favorite tree and Uncle Pat chinned himself 18 times on a low-hanging bough as my grandson counted admiringly.

"Pretty good for an old geezer, eh?" said Uncle Pat puffing a little. "Not many men my age can chin themselves 18 times, eh?"

"Pooh!" said Priscilla.

We all went "Shhh!" but the damage was done.

Uncle Pat turned to her and asked in a voice so cold that you could fairly hear the ice tinkle, "What did you say, young lady?"

"Pooh!" said Priscilla. "I said, Pooh!"

With that she sprinted over to the tree and sprang high to catch the bough in her hands. When she had chinned herself 19 times she turned to Uncle Pat and said, "That's 19. Will you go for 38?"

Priscilla dropped lightly to the ground and, turning back somersaults, followed Uncle Pat as he marched toward the gate.

"Where you going, Uncle Pat? Bet you can't do back somersaults!"

Uncle Pat hasn't been seen in this town since.

Little Priscilla was 11 and I was 91 when I got around to visiting my grandson again five years ago. By that time my great granddaughter's room was piled high with medals and cups. She won every tennis tournament she entered, she was state champion girl swimmer, she was so fast on her feet that she had won practically every event in the boys' track meets at her school and she was a forward on the Y.M.C.A. junior basketball team. She said that the Y.M.C.A. girls played too sissy a game for her. She was, in short, a tomboy to end all tomboys and I told her so.

"Priscilla," I said, "one day you will rue this prowess of yours. You will discover when you are a little older, that boys do not especially admire girls who can chin themselves 25 times or can high jump five-feet six sinches. Boys like to think they are stronger than girls. They like girls to be a little helpless."

"Pooh!" said Priscilla. "What do you know about boys, Great Grandmama?"

"I've been around," I told her. "And you mark my words. There'll come a day when you'll wish you'd never heard of muscles."

When I next saw the girl she was 15 and I must confess that for all her activity in athletics she showed no ill effects. There was none of that lumpy, hard-bitten solidarity that you usually associate with the people in sports. On the contrary, my great granddaughter had turned out to be the type of girl that, were I young man instead of an old lady nearly one hundred years old, I would whistle at when she passed. She was, to put it briefly, a "beaut."

She had met me at the station and I thought she seemed singularly listless. Ordinarily when I arrive in town, Priscilla has bubbled with health and enthusiasm. This time, she did not challenge the train conductor to a foot race nor did she try out a new wrestling hold on the porter. Instead, she pecked me absent-mindedly on the cheek, said, "Hi, Great Grandmama," and picked up my three suitcases with one hand.

When we were in the taxicab I asked, "What's bothering you, Toots?"

"Baseball," she said. "You've heard I'm playing third base on the high school varsity, haven't you?"

"Yipes!" I said. "Yipes!" That's a word I picked up from one of my other great granddaughters, the one in Chicago. I do not know what it means but it is very expressive.

"So now I've got a great granddaughter who is a varsity baseball player. That's dandy — just dandy," I told her sarcastically. "Maybe, after you graduate, you can get a job playing third base with the Brooklyn, you'll pardon the expression, Bums!"

"But I don't want to play baseball," she wailed. "It makes me so unhappy!"

"When playing baseball makes Little Miss Muscles unhappy that I've got to see," I said. "You've always been the trophy winner of the family, why the change of heart —or should I say, brawn?"

"I don't want to play baseball on account of Joe," Priscilla confessed, "but I can't give up being third baseman on account of my pride. I'm a better third baseman than Joe even if he is so beautiful."

"Not as beautiful as you, I bet," I said, comfortingly. "But tell your old Great Grandmama about it and if she can do, she will fix."

You may have noticed the young man with whom Priscilla was dancing a few moments ago when she was overtaken with faintness from the exertion? That young man, Mrs. Herman, is Joe, the the beautiful young man who didn't like Priscilla on third base.

Last year when the baseball episode occurred, Joe was a junior in high school and captain of the team. He played third base. It seems that when Priscilla suddenly decided to become a baseball player she proved so much more adept than Joe that the coach was forced to put her on the first team despite certain misgivings about having young lady players.

This, of course, relegated Joe to the bench where he sat sadly watching my great granddaughter.

Now Priscilla had never really noticed boys as such up to this time, but Joe looked so sad and so beautiful sitting there on the sidelines that she experienced flutterings in the region of the heart, accompanied by a desire to comfort the young man. Furthermore, she began to want to be in Joe's company most of his time and, womanlike, was ready to chuck up her chance to play varsity baseball just to make him smile and look on her with more esteem and kindness.

"I wish I wasn't so darn good," Priscilla confessed in the cab.

"When's your next game?" I asked her.

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"It's a little short notice to undo what you've done to yourself in the past 15 years," I said, "but if you'll follow orders I think we can get you back on the right track."

I coached Priscilla in what to do that night and when I went out to the high school athletic field the next afternoon to see her play baseball I was pretty sure that if she followed instructions everything would work out all right.

Both teams went through their practice sessions and I must confess, Priscilla looked pretty good out there. She fielded surely and gracefully and when she stepped up to home plate for batting practice she walloped the first three balls tossed to her clear over the Walheimer Department Store out beyond left field.

All this time that beautiful boy, Joe, sat on the bench looking glummer and glummer.

Priscilla trotted in from practice and teetered to an uncertain stop in front of Joe. She placed a hand over her eyes, swayed uncertainly and said, "I feel soooo faint." Then she toppled over onto Joe. Bette Davis couldn't have done it better.

Joe picked her up in his arms and carried her to a shady spot under the grandstand.

"Water," he said, chafing her wrists. "Water! Quick!"

Priscilla opened those great big eyes of hers, fluttered her lids at Joe and said, "My, you're strong, Joe!" Joe was a dead duck as of that instant.

Joe, of course, got his old place back as third baseman of the team but Priscilla has Joe and although she knows she could pick him up with one hand and throw him clear across this ballroom you'd never guess it, would you?

* * *

Mrs. Herman glanced toward the languid Priscilla just beyond Great Grandmama Waltham. Priscilla was saying, "Shall we dance this one, Joe?"

"Do you think you should, Priscilla?" Joe was saying. "Do you think you are strong enough?"

Mrs. Herman chuckled.

"Miz Waltham," she said admiringly, "you're some slick chick, you old conniver, you!"

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FOR EVERY GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY

A Complete Guide to Charm

Part of Contents

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
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11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
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16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others: let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

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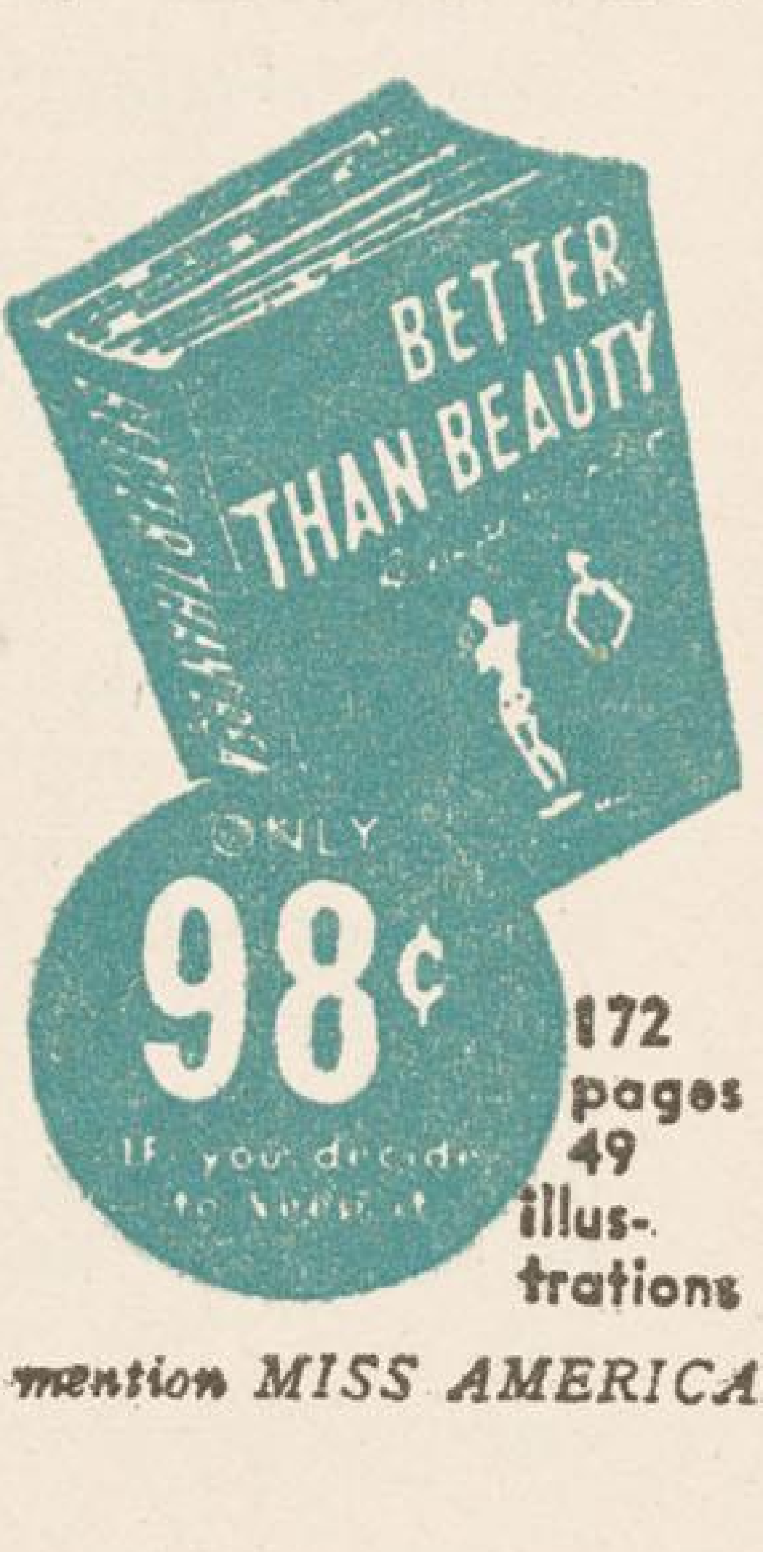

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FARE HE WELL

From page 14

For, in planning a menu, you do have to balance it nutritionally and calorically. Like this:

Baked Double Decker Hamburger
with Mushroom Onion Sauce

- 1½ lbs. ground beef mixed with a very little veal and pork
- 1 onion, finely minced
- 2 tbs. fine dry crumbs
- ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper
- ⅛ tsp. powdered thyme
- 1 tb. water
- 4 tbs. fortified margarine
- 3 oz. can sliced mushrooms
- 2 onions, thinly sliced
- 1 carrot, thinly sliced

Note: Your butcher will add a small piece of veal and a very small piece of pork to beef before grinding. Just ask him. (Omit the pork, if desired, and use only veal). Mixing the meats makes a better patty. Mix ground meat, minced onion, crumbs, salt, pepper, thyme. Add water; mix well. Divide and shape into light, rather large, rather flat patties. Melt margarine over low heat in a heavy frying pan. Add meat patties and brown lightly, first on one side, then on the other. Remove to a plate. Drain mushrooms from juice, but save the juice. Now to the drippings remaining in the frying pan, add the mushrooms and the thinly sliced onions. Turn heat quite low and stir mushrooms and onions until delicately browned. Next place 4 of the hamburgers on a greased baking pan or casserole. Place a spoonful of mushrooms on top of each. Cover each patty with another. Measure the mushroom juice in a measuring cup, then add water to make a full cup. Pour into frying pan. Bring to a boil, and pour around the meat patties. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) ¾ hr. Serves 4.

Scalloped Potatoes

- 5 medium sized potatoes
- salt, pepper
- 1 tb. flour
- ⅛ lb. snappy American cheese
- 2 tbs. fortified margarine
- 1 tb. bread crumbs
- 1½ cups milk and water, mixed.

Wash and scrub the potatoes well. Slice the potatoes fairly thin, but do not pare them. Cover with cold water; set aside while you cut the cheese into tiny little cubes (it is unnecessary to grate). Next put a thick layer of potatoes in a greased casserole. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little flour. Add "dots" of margarine. Cover with another layer of potatoes; repeat seasonings. Continue, until all ingredients are used, sprinkling the crumbs over the top. Heat and add the milk and water. Cover; set into moderate oven (350°F.) and bake one hour. Remove cover and continue baking for another 15 to 30 minutes until top is brown and potatoes cooked through. Serves 4.

Fried Green Tomatoes

- 4 large firm underripe tomatoes
- 2 tbs. flour
- 2 tbs. cornmeal
- ¼ tsp. chili powder
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 4 tbs. cooking shortening
- 4 tbs. fortified margarine

Wash tomatoes; slice each into 3 or 4 slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix flour, cornmeal, salt, chili powder; put on piece of waxed paper and in this, dip and coat each slice of tomato. Melt shortening and margarine in a heavy frying pan, and in this hot fat fry the tomato slices over medium heat, a few at a time. Transfer to serving platter and keep hot until served. Serves 4.

Now, can you coax him to like a salad? There is a way. Meat is in the oven; potatoes are in the oven. Vegetables are ready for last minute cooking. So how about a chef salad? And make sure it's a good one. First, some salad greens in a bowl—a few lettuce leaves, a few sprigs of watercress, possibly some feather chicory. Now some little red radishes thinly sliced. Next take a small slender cucumber, or a half cucumber, and with a dinner table fork, make lines from top to bottom. Score right through the outside green coat down into the white coat. Cut off the solid tip. Then slice the cucumber very, very thin. See what a crimped, green and white edge each slice has? Part of the color scheme—into the salad bowl it goes. Now have a little Swiss Cheese, cut it into matchstick pieces about 3 inches long. Arrange carefully on top of the salad greens. Have on hand a couple of thin slices of boiled ham. Cut this into matchstick pieces and add to top, neatly of course. Good looking? Of course it is, but excuse us!—in a salad like this the thin pieces of cheese and ham should be called julienne. Now add a tiny little sprinkle of dried basil, all powdered fine and set your salad bowl where it will stay cold until serving time.

And, now most important—there's dessert. What would dinner be without a dessert? Unless you are one of those natural born cooks and have made pies for the family, don't decide on pie unless you buy it already baked. Many bakery pies are really quite superior today. If it's pie you decide on, and it's boughten pie, heat it in the oven (incidentally, you might do the same with the rolls at the very same time your meat is being done). When you remove your meat and potatoes from the oven, put in the pie. Turn off the heat before you sit down to dinner, so that there'll be no burned offering as a dessert climax. If you're going to have ice cream (on your pie or all by itself), it will stay frozen in the cube compartments or you may buy it packed in dry ice.

Well, all of this takes time, doesn't it? See that you have plenty of it. And don't get flustered—all's well that's done slowly. We've been talking about the food angle. Let's get on to the subject of femininity. Food and femininity are equally important. Glamor goes everywhere, even to the kitchen. That means clean face, fresh make-up, brushed hair. Get out of your kitchen smock and slip into a fresh dress. Add a flossy apron—and you're ready. All this *must* be done *before* the man of the hour arrives—not *after*. Remember, it's glamor preferred, even in the kitchen.

Sooo, all right, he's got good food and femininity galore. That man of the hour, that favorite fella of yours will be sitting at your feet. You've got plenty of good luck, and the situation's well in hand. So with confidence (and why shouldn't you have it?), answer the doorbell.

HOLLYWOOD'S Younger Set

What's new(s) behind the scenes in fabulous, fascinating filmland . . .

by may mann

■ Hi, Sweeties:

If this is a dream—"pinch us not!" We don't want to wake up! But it must be the beautiful truth, looking over the photos taken on that dreamy, luxurious "Ramrod" movie premiere trip to Utah.

A special train choo-chooing along, filled with your favorite movie stars—Preston Foster singing and playing his guitar in the club car, June Preisser jitterbugging with Macdonald Carey, and Sonny Tufts singing his famed "Egyptianella." And Richard Ney offering you half of his chicken sandwich, and Veronica Lake's white dress with flashing rhinestones all but blinding you, and Don DeFore! Need we say more!

It all came about when Enterprise Studios, headed by Charlie Einfeld, dreamed up the idea of getting a whole special train, and sending the stars of Pop Sherman's "Ramrod" to Utah to premiere the movie and help celebrate Utah's Centennial. (Meaning the 100th anniversary of Utah's State founding!)

Bob Taplinger, Bill Blowtz and Eddie Manson, who've handled movie junket trips before the war, made all of the beautiful plans. And the trip followed through for us like this:

Sonny Tufts picked us up in his (*Continued on page* 66)

Vivacious Junie Preisser, and ditto Janie Withers, roar their appreciation of a "good one" in the dining car.

Jackie Cooper beat the skins for a dinner-dance for those on the 3-day junket. May tells you all about it here.

Sonny Tufts obliges eager autograph-hounds at a stop along the way to Salt Lake City to premiere "Ramrod".

CAREERS begin with INTERVIEWS . . .

marilyn f. terry

Your first invasion into the world of Big Business can be s-m-o-o-t-h as pulled taffy if you know how to play the game right. Tips and hints here a-plenty . . .

SO you're graduating this term! And you're thrilled to death about it. We don't blame you. It's a pretty exciting thing. Your valedictorian will make a stirring speech about "stepping forth to meet life bravely," and when the funny feeling in your tummy subsides, many of you are going to start thinking concrete thoughts about this adult world you will be entering.

To some of you it will mean college. And to many more of you it will mean "a job," not the stop-gap baby-sitting that has been providing pocket money, but a real grown-up nine-to-five occupation. And from the thought of a job to a career is only a hop, skip and slide.

The word *job* holds few terrors. But a *career!* That sounds a lot more formidable. It isn't really.

All careers have one thing in common. They never "spring like baby dear, out of the nowhere into here." They are always the result of patient, honest effort in one or several jobs. Obviously, in order to apply the effort, you must first have the job.

These are generally distributed by personnel managers who grant interviews to applicants. A first interview can be a fearsome ordeal to a girl newly emerged from school with her still-damp diploma framed on the wall and her future spread out awesomely blank before her. Sometimes it helps to remember that a personnel manager is every bit as anxious to hire a promising girl for her company, as you are to secure the position.

Even with a definite goal in mind, it is always a mistake to head for one of the larger, more important cities to start your career, since the competition there is bound to be keener and the expenses away from home discouragingly high.

On the theory then that sticking closer to home is safest, we interviewed three personnel directors in Akron, Ohio, in order to discover how best to begin that career you are contemplating. We selected three fields, a large industrial corporation, a department store, and a daily newspaper.

This is what we found:

Mrs. Mildred Nelson, Supervisor of Women's Personnel for the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, told us, "I should say the most important single point of an interview is a girl's appearance, since the moment she walks through the door, you form an immediate sub-conscious reaction. Very definitely good grooming, business-like attire and a competent attitude are half the battle."

Mrs. Nelson admitted that lack of a college education is no handicap to a girl, *if she is trained for the job she is seeking.* A sound high-school business course is more valuable to the aspiring stenographer than a liberal arts degree from an outstanding university, along with a sketchy knowledge of typing.

She stated too that stenographic and secretarial work are excellent entering wedges into the better paying and more important career jobs. To support her contention, she cited Miss Mae Greer, top-ranking woman executive of the Firestone organization. Miss Greer was recently named one of the six most outstanding career women in the country. And she started as—you guessed it, a stenographer. A very *young* stenographer.

We asked Mrs. Nelson about the mistakes girls make who are job-hunting for the first time, and she listed them in the following order:

1. Applicants who wear babushkas are always frowned on.
2. Applicants who arrive for interviews with one or more parents in tow are out. If a girl is seeking a job at 16, Mrs. Nelson is willing to assume she is an adult, (*Continued on page* 48)

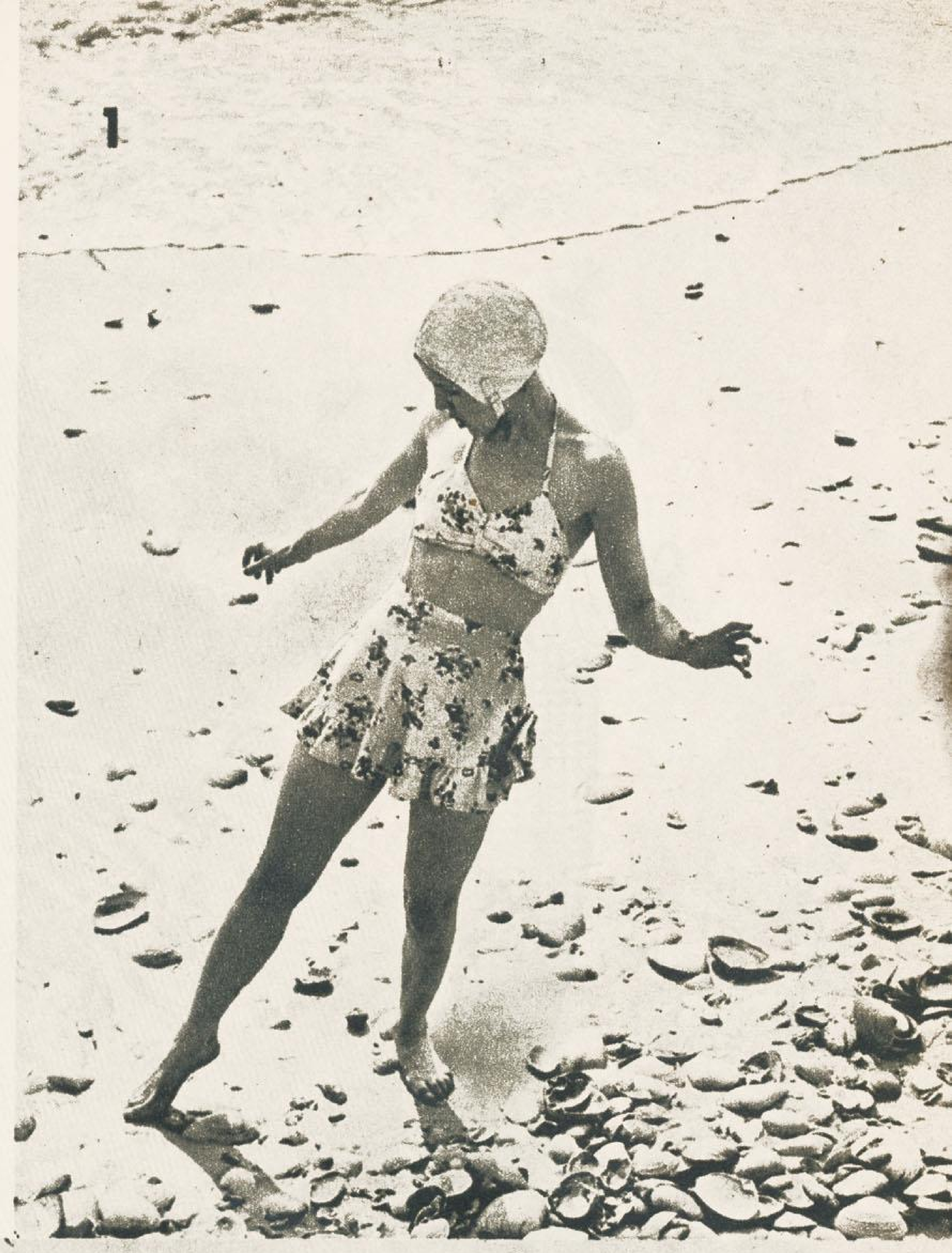
Water Babies

1 Eager for a quick plunge? Whiteson's pretty printed cotton two-piecer romps in or out of the water. About $4.

2 Beach ballerina! That's you in pink glazed chintz by Teen House with a whirling skirt, laces up the back and matching tights. About $1 at Bloomingdale's, New York, Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D. C., F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus.

3 Polka dots and sun beams . . . the suit with bloomer panties, an empire bodice in rayon jersey by Shepherd Knitwear. About $6 at B. Altman, N. Y., H. & S. Pogue, Cinn.

Bathing cap and beach bag by Kleinerts.



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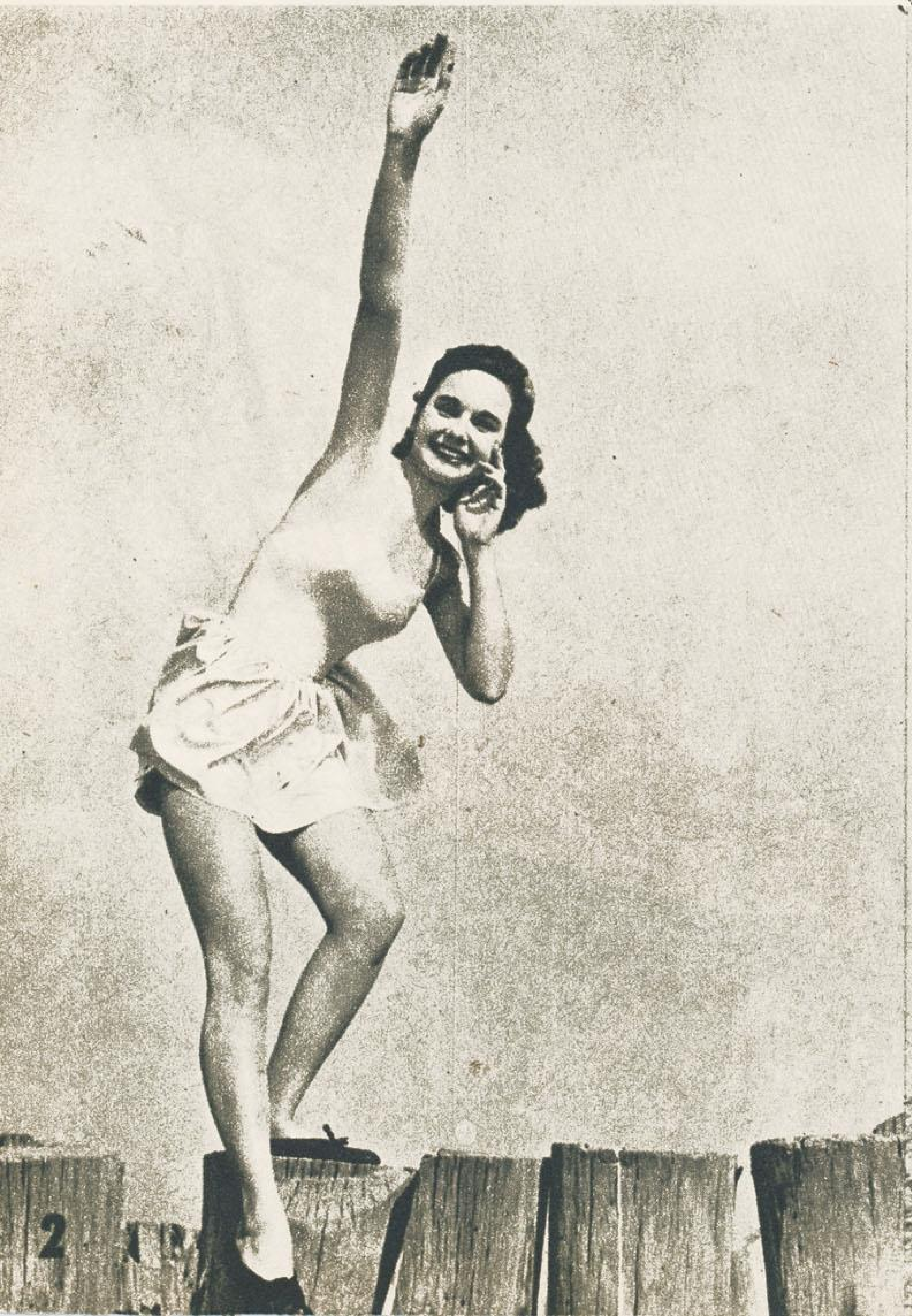

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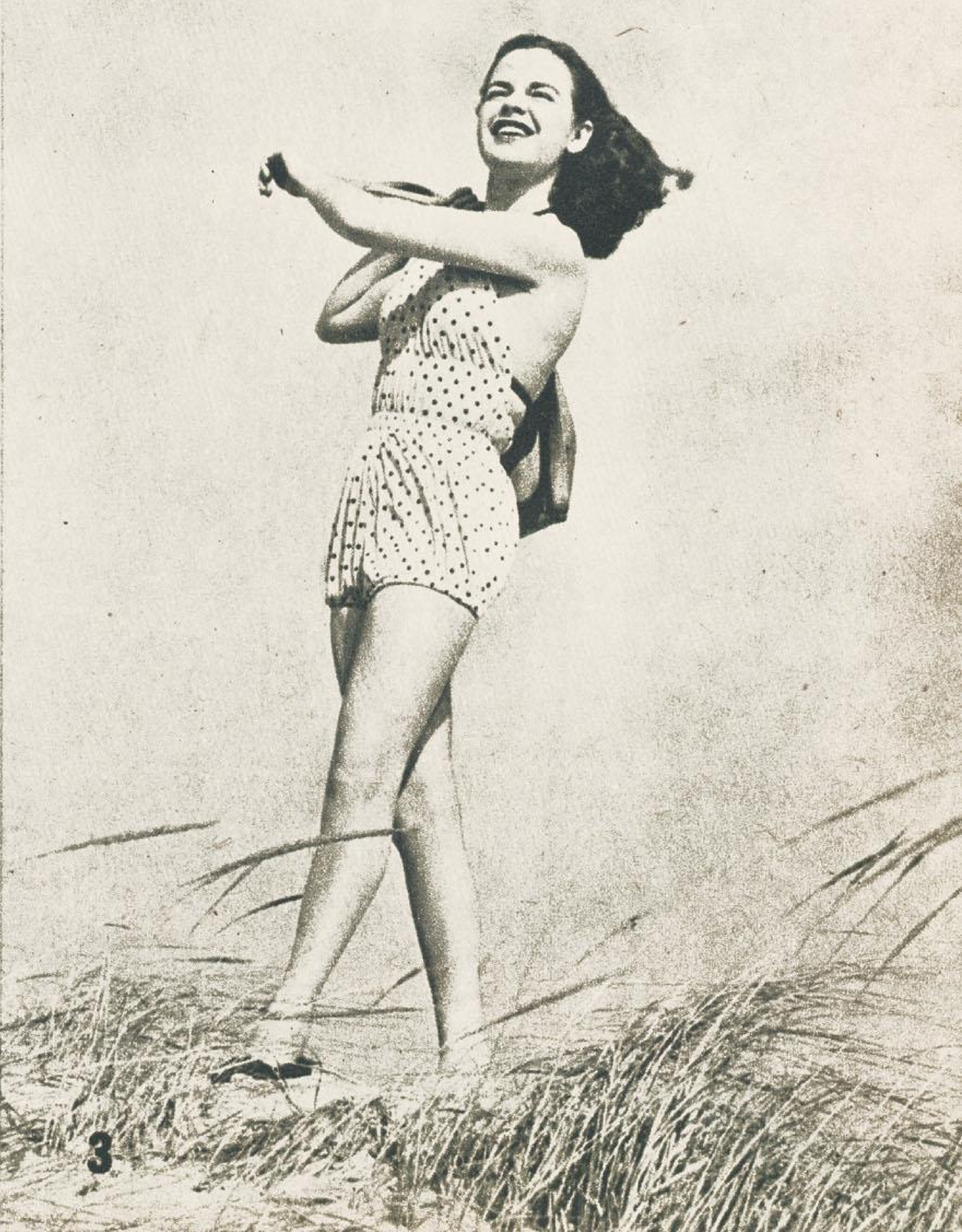

3

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 34

with problem-brothers, I sometimes wonder where those boys are that other girls write in to say they wish they could have dates with! Did you ever stop to think that perhaps some girl in school likes your brother—and you write in to say he's such a problem!

You admit sometimes it's your fault. Why don't you both sit down quietly and, without arguing, discuss calmly what it is about each other which annoys you so terribly. Fighting isn't fun and only makes for bad feelings.

Brothers, especially older brothers, like to feel protective and manly. Why not flatter his pride by coming to him now and then for "big brotherly" advice? He'll love it! And, in turn, you'll find him coming to you with his problem of "the" girl. Nothing is more fun than a brother-sister relationship when it's congenial. Shortly, you'll hear him boasting to the fellows that his sister is "pretty swell" and bringing a few boys home to meet you. Try being as nice to him as though he were a new boy in your history class—handle him with care and watch the beautiful results! Older brothers aren't pests, Nancy—they're fun!

Love,
Jean

Dear Jean—

I am five-feet-five and a half inches tall. When I go to a dance, if a shorter fellow asks me to dance I refuse, because I feel I look ridiculous. Mother says I am wrong to do so, because I hurt his feelings. Am I wrong in feeling as I do?

Sincerely,
Aileen

Dear Aileen—

Have you ever thought how you would feel if a boy you liked very much refused to dance with you because you had carrot colored hair and he felt that dancing with a red head made him look ridiculous? You can't help the color of your hair anymore than he can help his height. In other words, why not accept people as they are—and be glad your friend selected you to be his dancing partner!

If a boy likes you well enough to choose you, he must be willing to overcome *his* feeling of "ridiculousness" too! Boys are just as vain as girls, if not more so—and if he doesn't feel uncomfortable about it, why should you? If you hurt him now by refusing, rest assured he'll never ask again.

And when dancing with a shorter partner, carry yourself as though he were as tall if not taller than you; hold yourself erect, don't slouch, but try to dance easily and gracefully. If you dance well, other good dancers will notice and cut in. You'll find yourself having many more partners and, incidentally, much more fun!

Love,
Jean

Dear Jean—

How can I earn money without having it interfere with my school work? I am almost 15 years old and do have a job taking care of children, but it is only once in awhile.

Sincerely,
Frances

Dear Frances—

You are to be admired for wanting to earn your own money and I wish you the best of luck! You ask what else can you do other than baby sitting? Have you thought of running errands or reading to elderly people in your neighborhood? Making sandwiches to sell for teas, bridge and other parties that your mother and her friends give? Taking children to the movies Saturday afternoons? Walking dogs for people? Selling Christmas cards? (You'll want to begin making samples now to be able to take orders soon!)

Talk to your mother's friends and get them interested in your plans. Send post cards to friends telling them what you have to offer and asking them for their suggestions.

If you're a MISS AMERICA Club member, you'll find your number three Club News jampacked with money-making ideas for your Chapter. If you're not an MAC-member, I'll be glad to send you an entry blank! Again, best of luck!

Love,
Jean

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SUNLIGHT SONATA

From page 11

confused by Tom's and Mrs. Redge's thanks.

"I used to play," Mrs. Redge said, with a dim smile of recollection. "But I can hardly play a note, anymore." She held out her thin hands, stiff, red, and large-knuckled from ceaseless work.

A brightness had come over Tom, lying on the sofa in the little, drab parlor.

"I heard you play at the charity bazaar, in November," he said to Phyllis. "It was beautiful. I'm a music lover, you know." With a plea: "Won't you play for me?"

Pity rushed through Phyllis. She sat down at the piano, her hair golden in the wintry sunlight, and she struck a few chords. It was an old piano, its tone husky. The Chopin nocturne sounded like music from far away.

"You're a *real* pianist!" Mrs. Redge exclaimed.

"Isn't she, Mother?" Tom cried. "Go on! Please go on!"

Phyllis played a waltz, then a minuet, then something of Schumann, all impassioned, while they listened and applauded. Tom's worn, pale face seemed transfigured. For a full hour, Phyllis went from one composition into another, losing herself in the music, and glad to be doing something for Tom—to make it up to him a little—because it was in her father's mill he had been injured. To be sure, it had been due to his own carelessness, as everyone knew; and, to be sure, he would get his salary every week, her father had said. But she was glad to give him this little joy. That spasm of pain, just then, across his face!

"Maybe you'll play for me again?" he asked eagerly, when the pain had passed.

And it had burst breathlessly from Phyllis: "Next Saturday morning!"

So those Saturday mornings had become established, like a ritual.

Oh, let Father think it absurd! The poor Redges were so grateful!

This Saturday morning, Phyllis had hardly finished breakfast when the telephone rang in the quiet June air. Sophie, the maid, answered, and said:

"It's for you," in a tone suggesting that calls were invariably for Phyllis; a tribute to her great popularity in the growing town.

"Hal—?" Phyllis asked, her heart beating rapidly. As though she wouldn't know his voice, out of a million!

"We're going on a picnic," he told her.

"Picnic—?"

"Right now. To Beekman's Woods. Want to come along?"

"It's awfully short notice!" she gasped.

"Well, just throw a little lunch together, or something. It's Nancy's idea. The kids are meeting—ten-thirty sharp—in front of the Star drug."

"Oh—*Nancy's* idea—?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Nothing," murmured Phyllis. "I didn't mean anything special."

However, she had meant something very special, and she was filled with a great unhappiness, and with resentment. She had no doubt, at all; Nancy Steele had deliberately chosen just this time for the picnic, well aware that Phyllis dedicated Saturday mornings to playing for Tom Redge!

Nancy wanted Hal all to herself on the picnic! Nor would Hal Ferris be the first boy whom she had taken away from another girl! Hal had been seeing Nancy lately, though he still wore Phyllis' school pin, and at this very moment she was wearing his on her blue sweater. Very well; if that was how he wanted it!

But why let Nancy get away with this? At the telephone, Phyllis felt tears gathering on her long lashes. It would be glorious to be with Hal on this fresh, sparkling June morning. Just to be near him! She thought: run over to Tom, tell him you'll play for him this evening, instead! It'd be just this once. Surely, Tom would understand—wouldn't want her to miss the picnic! She *must* go—oh, she must!

"I'll be there!" she told Hal. She hung up. "Mother, get a little lunch together, please! I'm going on a picnic with the kids!"

Mrs. Norman looked surprised. "But what about Tom—?" she seemed ready to ask, sharing Phyllis' sense of obligation. It had become just that, Phyllis' playing for Tom; a kind of sacred obligation. But before her mother could speak her thoughts, Phyllis, golden hair flying in the fresh breeze, had sped away.

Now to get to the Redges—then back to pick up the lunch, and then to the Star—all in twenty minutes! She raced through the maple-lined streets, raced across the railroad tracks to the Redge home.

Mrs. Redge's worried face met Phyllis on the sagging porch.

"Tom's feeling poorly, this morning. One of his bad days. But say 'Hello' to him, won't you?"

There, on his sofa, was Tom, very wretched.

"I thought you'd want just to say 'Hello' to Phyllis," Mrs. Redge said.

"Phyllis, aren't you going to play for me?" The disappointment in his voice!

Phyllis stammered out: "Your mother says you're not feeling so well. I'm terribly sorry!"

"Mother, you know how much better I feel when Phyllis plays!"

And Phyllis' heart sank. What could she do now, except play for him? If only she had never made such a habit of it! A sigh nearly escaped her. She had begun it, and it had become an obligation which must be lived up to—no matter what it cost! This would be Nancy Steele's day of triumph! Once more, bitterly, Phyllis thought: Okay, if that's how Hal wants it!

Tom's eyes were fixed on her. She asked: "Have you a telephone, Mrs. Redge?"

"We use the one in the grocery, just next door."

"I'll be right back!"

Phyllis called the drugstore. "Mr. Harmon? This is Phyllis Norman. Mr. Harmon, are the kids outside?"

"Cluttering up the sidewalk!" Harmon laughed.

"Would you mind telling them not to wait for me? Please tell them I'll be an hour—and not to wait—unless they really want to. Thank you!"

Then, scarcely knowing how she came back, she was seated before the old, husky piano. A while, her head bowed, her lashes wet, her heart pounding, she let her hands lie idly on the yellow keys. She felt Tom waiting.

A torrent of sound burst forth; a Brahms rhapsody surged. It came to an end, and Tom whispered, awed:

"You've never played so beautifully!"

Vaguely, she knew it herself. But she had noticed that before; the unhappier she was, the better she played. Silent, trembling, hands again idle on the keys, she thought: Are they waiting for me? Not if Nancy Steele can help it! Oh, what a fool I've been!

Her hazel eyes strayed out of a window. Two cars were going by—headed for Beekman's Woods; two cars, loaded with picnickers. She caught, in the second car, a glimpse of Hal's reddish head—next to a certain dark one. Nancy was driving. The cars vanished in a swirl of dust. The tears blinded Phyllis; thank goodness the Redges, behind her, couldn't see! She sounded a crashing chord, and broke into a tarantella wild as the storm surging through her.

She played other wild, tumultuous things and in the midst of one, came the doorbell ring.

It was Hal who followed Mrs. Redge into the parlor. He nodded to Tom, smiled at Phyllis. She stared at him, her hands dropped to her lap, her cheeks burned.

"I knew you'd be here," he said.

Phyllis' voice shook. "Aren't you going to the picnic?" She couldn't bring herself to say she'd seen him in Nancy's car.

"I'm going, all right," he answered, taking the chair which Mrs. Redge offered. "And so are you," he went on, "soon as you finish playing for Tom. How are you feeling, Tom?" he asked.

"Lots better—since Phyllis has been playing."

"Go on, play, Phyl—there's no hurry," Hal said.

Now she played nothing but agitated yet tender things, wondering why Hal had come back. Though her eyes were not on him, she saw him—so good to look at; the only boy, she felt, the only boy in the whole world, for her.

Then, at last Phyllis finished—and said good-by to the Redges. Hal took her hand and they raced toward Beekman's Woods, while neither of them spoke much. But in the long silences there was a heart-warming sweetness.

Then, words came from Hal, with a peculiar, slow gruffness:

Beating a Path to Your Heart!

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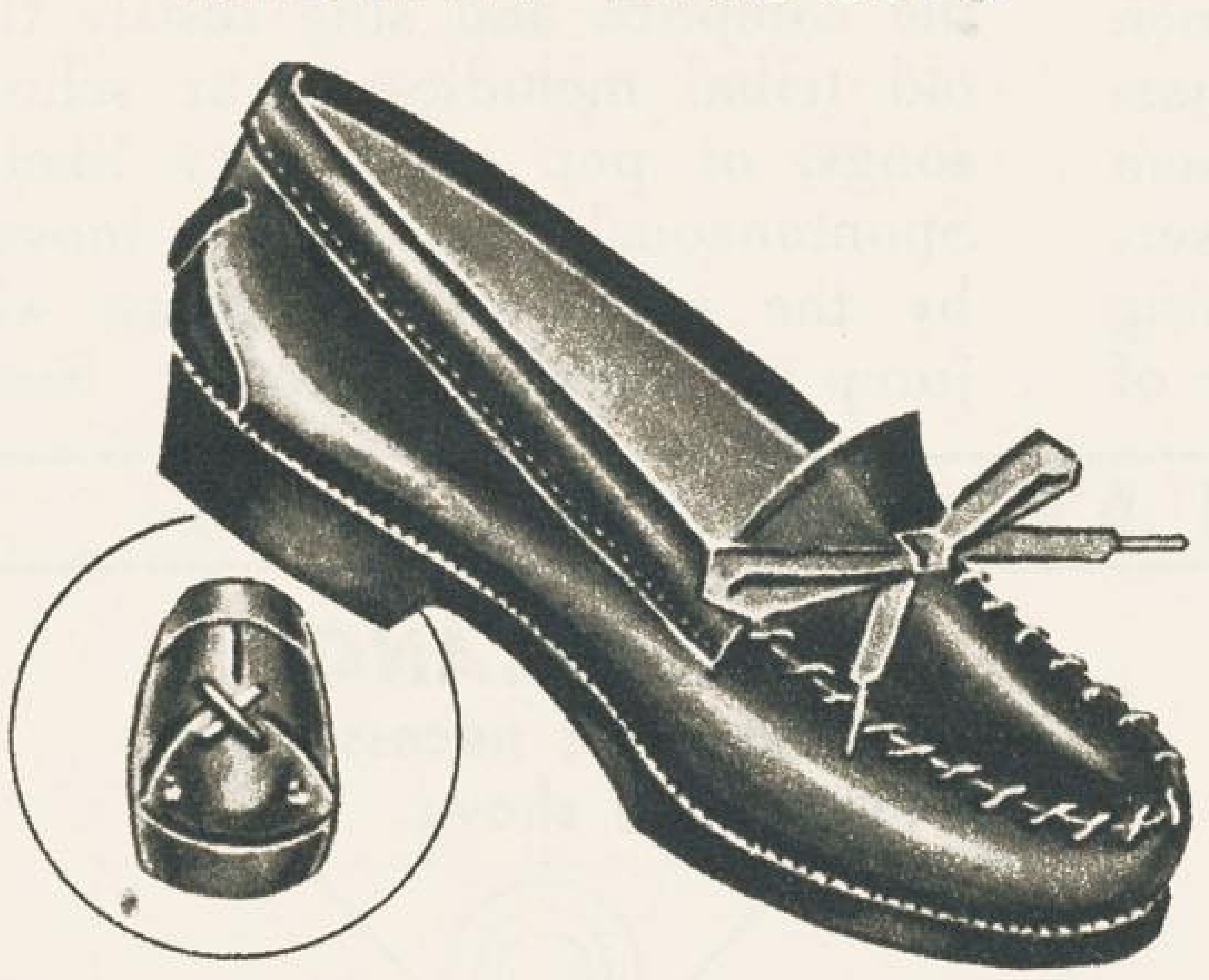

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"She laughed about your playing for Tom—"

"Who—?"

With the same gruffness, Hal said: "I'm talking about Nancy. She says the whole town knows you do it, just to show off how good you are. She says you're interested in Tom; you know how she means."

"Oh!" Phyllis gasped, hotly. "Why, he's twenty years old! It's only because I'm sorry for him, and it seems to help him—a little—"

Very softly, Hal said, forgetting the road and looking deep into those hazel eyes: "You do it because you're *Phyllis.* Well, I guess I've her number, at last. I've been pretty dumb! I got out of her car and walked back. I wasn't going with anything like *that!* You know, Phyl, I think it's swell of you, doing that for Tom—poor guy! I never thought of it before, in that way. It's swell of you—just too swell! And never missing a single week—not for a picnic, or anything!"

To herself, as the rich green of Beekman's Woods came into view beneath the sunny sky, Phyllis whispered:

"Thank heaven, I didn't skip today!"

They turned off into the picnic grounds, to be greeted by a clamor of voices.

Nancy Steele's face, with the too-red lips, lost its high color. "Oh," she said, as Phyllis got out of the car, "so *you're* here!"

"Yes," said Phyllis, quietly, "I'm *here.*"

GO GYPSY, GO GAY

From page 33

disc jockey is none other than "Chico, and his magic violin." "Chico" naturally, has studied the violin for several years, and so he sways with his instrument, in tune to the records, just as if the music were coming from his very own violin. Your band of gypsies love "Chico and his magic violin" and applaud like mad, each time he completes a selection.

Now you have "atmosphere" and music, but before long, you notice several of the band eyeing each other questioningly, and time has come for your very best gypsy bill-of-fare. Meaning first of all:
SHUSHKABA

Being rather an Americanized gypsy (and one with a teen-ager's allowance) you can use frankfurters or canned dinner meat instead of lamb as your staple. Cut your meat (whatever it is) into 1-inch slabs, add a slice of onion, a quarter of a tomato and arrange them next to each other on a skewer. You can "package" the whole thing nicely by wrapping a thin slice of bacon around it. Grill over the fire until it's sizzling—hot and good! If some of your gypsy friends care to tuck them into toasted buns, it's cricket all right, but real honest-to-goodness gypsies eat their shushkaba right off the skewer!

No gypsy repast is complete without the good, flowing red wine, so we'll make ours with grape juice and nectar juice—mixing equal parts and sweeten (with sugar) or sour (with lemon) to taste.
For dessert: GYPSY SERENADE

Thick slices of apple dipped in a honey-and-lemon mixture, and baked in a pan over the fire. Top with a plump marshmallow, and slowly bake until the marshmallow starts to melt. Then, you place the *umm-umm-good* concoction on sliced pound cake, and—fall to!

Now, well-fed gypsies sit around the campfire and sing lustily the old tribal melodies—your school songs, or pop tunes very likely. Spontaneously, two gypsies moved by the spirit of the thing will jump up and start to dance. Soon the whole group will be on its feet clapping time (and if you don't recognize an ol' jam session now, a fine American gypsy you are!) After a while, a little out-of-breath, one of your gypsies might suggest a more subdued game around the fire. For all we know, she might even offer 20 Questions.

Choose someone from the group to be "it," to go out while the rest decide upon some famous person, living or dead, whom you all know enough about to answer questions—which "it" will ask. "It" must word her questions so they are answerable by "yes" or "no," and she goes around the circle, firing away. When she guesses correctly, the person she queried last, is "it." If she doesn't guess, after 20 questions she's "it" again.

This will probably keep up, until you notice one of your band yawn contentedly—but yawn nevertheless. Then you will want to make ready to leave. Be sure your fire's wholly out before you fold up your tent and silently steal away, to end a perfect day.

PUZZLING SITUATIONS

(From page 27)

1. NEW YEAR'S DAY POSER

B's birthday was on January 1, and he had just become 29.

2. COINS

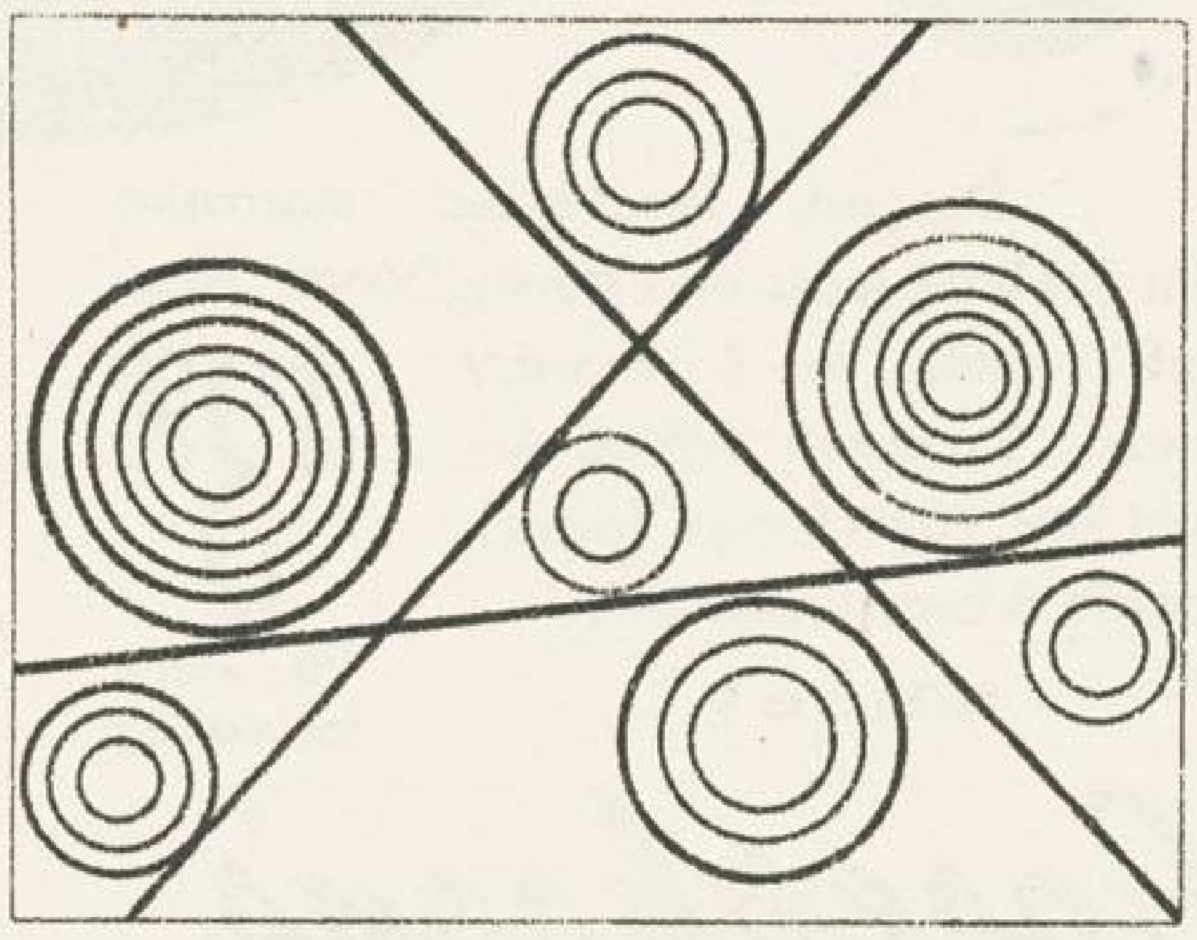
1) 16; 2) 11

3. WORDS

1-b; 2-b *and* c (when capitalized); 3-b; 4-c; 5-c; 6-b; 7-a; 8-c; 9-b; 10-b.

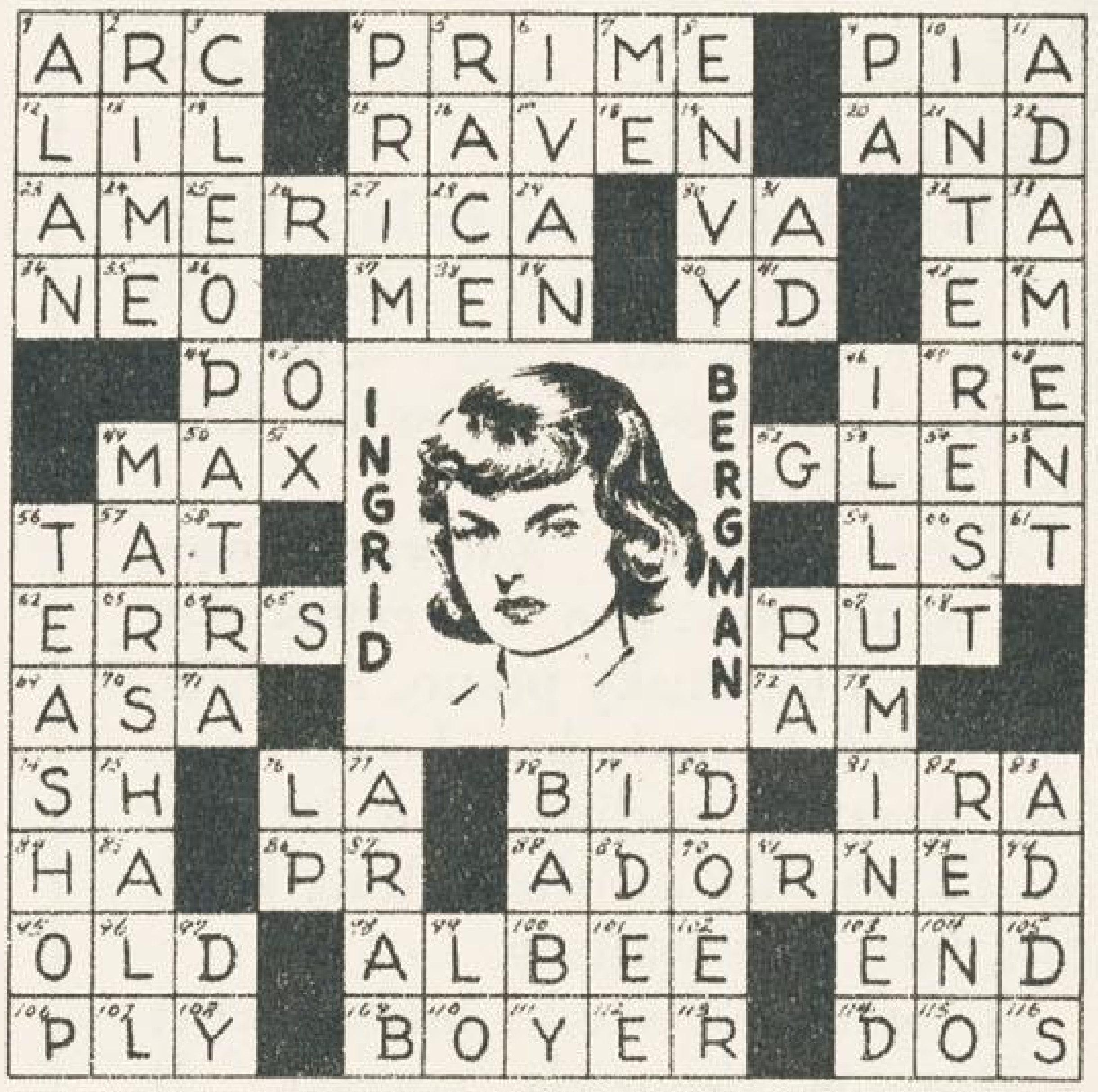
4. INTELLIGLANCE

Only 3 lines are necessary as the illustration shows.



HOME-TOWNERS

1-Plymouth Rock; 2-Gopher Prairie; 3-Everglades, Fla.; 4-Miss.; 5-Atlanta, Ga.; 6-Massachusetts; 7-Fredrickstown, Md.; 8-Brooklyn; 9-Virginia; 10-Kingdom by the Sea.



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GET IN THE SWIM

From page 9

in keeping glamorous though wet.

Giving advice to anyone about *anything* is something I have always tried to avoid—especially about swimming, unless I am right in the water with a person and can illustrate the points I am trying to impress upon her. There are two good reasons for this—the first and obvious one being that I am a better swimmer than I am talker or writer, and the second being that no one can learn to swim by sitting on the side of a pool and reading about it.

Obviously the first thing to do is to get into the water—spend as much time as you can just getting the feel of it on your body. I really believe that the reason I have never felt any fear of water, but have always thought of it as a great big warm friend, is because my mother took me to the beach so often from the time that I was just a baby and all through my growing-up years. I used to sit for hours on the edge of the water just letting the waves wash up over me.

Confidence and a relaxed feeling are the greatest assets a would-be swimmer can acquire. Get someone to hold you in the water until you get the feeling of the buoyancy and are completely relaxed. This especially applies to people who seem to always be fighting the water when they swim. The first things to learn are the two great R's of swimming—Relaxation and Rhythm.

Then after you can dive in and float around for a while, let's see what you can do to improve your style—for I know no better way to acquire health and happiness in life than by swimming. Here are some common faults to avoid:

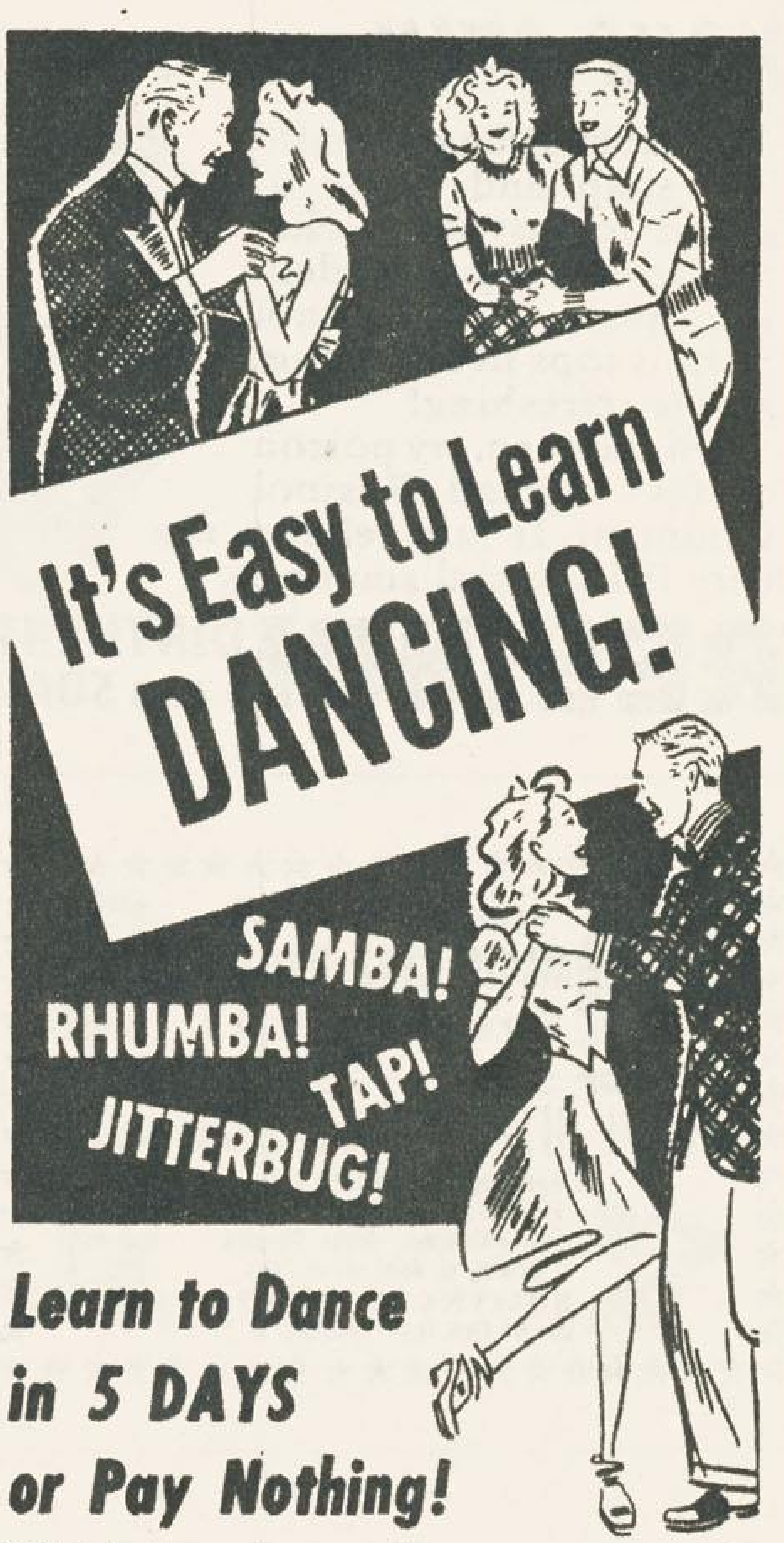
1. Even though you consider yourself a fair swimmer try this test. Hold on to the side of the pool and kick—kick from the hips down, not from the knees, with your legs slightly bent. The motion of the kick is a push, similar to that of riding a bicycle, and it must be done to a six-beat count as the legs are an integral part of the rhythmic process of swimming. I have practiced for hours and hours just kicking until I thought I couldn't kick another time, counting to myself until the beat of the one—two—three—four—five—six, one—two—three—four—five—six became a part of my legs.

2. Breathing correctly is the next step. This also must be done to the six-beat count, taking in a breath on each count of one and four. Practice this with your head above water first and then with the water line just above your eyebrows, with your head turning from side to side on the beat. Inhale and then submerge your head as you exhale. Your breath bubbles out through the water. Although some coaches teach you to inhale through your nose and exhale through your mouth, I have always gotten along much better by doing both through my mouth. The nose is bound to get stopped up in the water and I find much greater ease and endurance by breathing entirely through my mouth. The next step is to learn to coordinate your breathing with your kicking while still hanging on to the side of the pool and don't forget to keep up your counting.

3. Next comes the crawl stroke, where again many people fall down. The common fault here is that they do not get their elbows high enough out of the water. Standing waist high in the water practice bringing your elbows and shoulders up high in a curved position, never held straight. When bringing the arm into the water be sure that the hand hits the water first, held in an arched but relaxed position. One of the commonest errors in the crawl stroke is that a swimmer will allow the elbow to hit the water before the hand and thus create a strong resistance in the water.

4. When you are ready to coordinate your stroke with your kick and your breathing, don't forget that the most important thing is to keep counting—rhythm is the secret of good swimming.

5. After you have progressed to this final stage you can still improve your swimming a great deal by practicing getting your body high in the water. Arch your back, have the water line about the middle of your forehead, get your shoulders well up out of the water when you stroke, kick so that you make quite a splash and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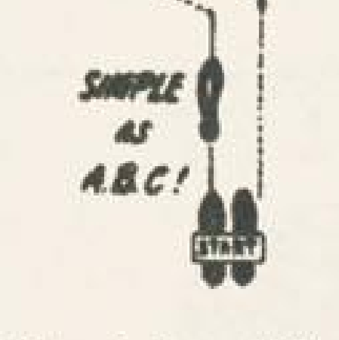

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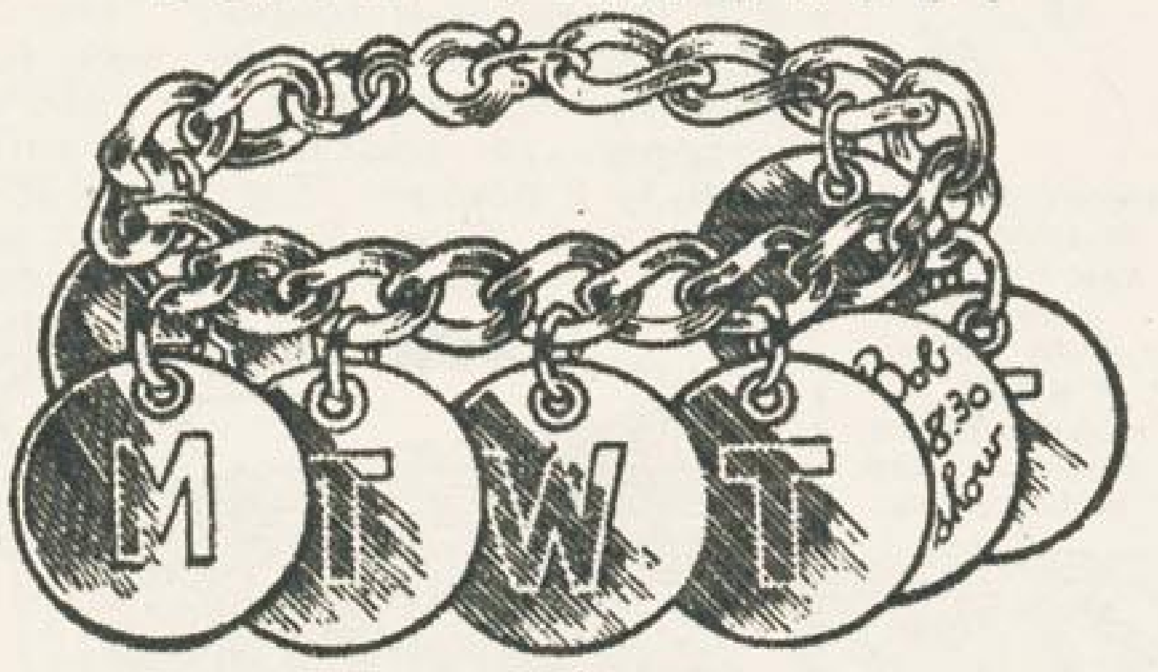

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you will find yourself skimming through the water at twice your usual speed because you are saving strength fighting your own wake and cutting down your water resistance. One of the reasons Johnny Weissmuller is one of the greatest swimmers of all time is because he swims practically on top of the water.

Of course you can't hope to accomplish all this in a two weeks summer vacation, for each step should be thoroughly conquered before going on to the next. You don't become a champion swimmer overnight, but for every minute you devote to improving your swimming you will feel doubly repaid by finding that you have also improved your health and joy in living. Practice hard but don't become so serious that you don't have any fun. That's more important than being a champion swimmer!

CAREERS BEGIN WITH INTERVIEWS

From page 41

unless her doting mother or father makes it obvious that she is still *our baby*. There is no place in the working world for babies.

3. Applicants who arrive chummily in pairs, like lovebirds, have two strikes against them, since, if the first half of the sister act is turned down with a polite "nothing open now," it is embarrassing to hire the remaining half even though her qualifications and attitude may be excellent.

Suzanne Rumer, Acting Head of Personnel for O'Neil's Department Store listed her requirements as: poise, personality, an ability to speak well, and appearance.

She prefers at least a high-school education for salesgirls and admits an additional education is an asset, but not strictly necessary.

She stated that the department store field is an excellent one for girls since fashion is a woman's business. Basic training as a salesgirl paves the way to the more interesting, and, incidentally, higher paid career jobs of buyer, merchandise woman, fashion coordinator, and the wide, fascinating fields of advertising.

Miss Rumer's pet peeves among girls who seek jobs, are, firstly, those who arrive chewing gum, and secondly, those who cannot manage to fill out a questionnaire without requesting her assistance. She states logically that questionnaires may be lengthy or brief, but they are always simple, and an inability to answer simple questions on a printed form denotes the girl would be hopelessly confused with a sales-check.

Mr. Lynn Holcomb, Managing Editor of The Akron Beacon-Journal (a daily newspaper) told us that higher education is a *must* these days for a girl aspiring to reportorial work. A course in journalism is an asset. He stated that these courses have improved considerably recently and have substituted actual newspaper conditions for theory, to familiarize a girl with newspaper routine so the breaking-in period is easier for her and her supervisor.

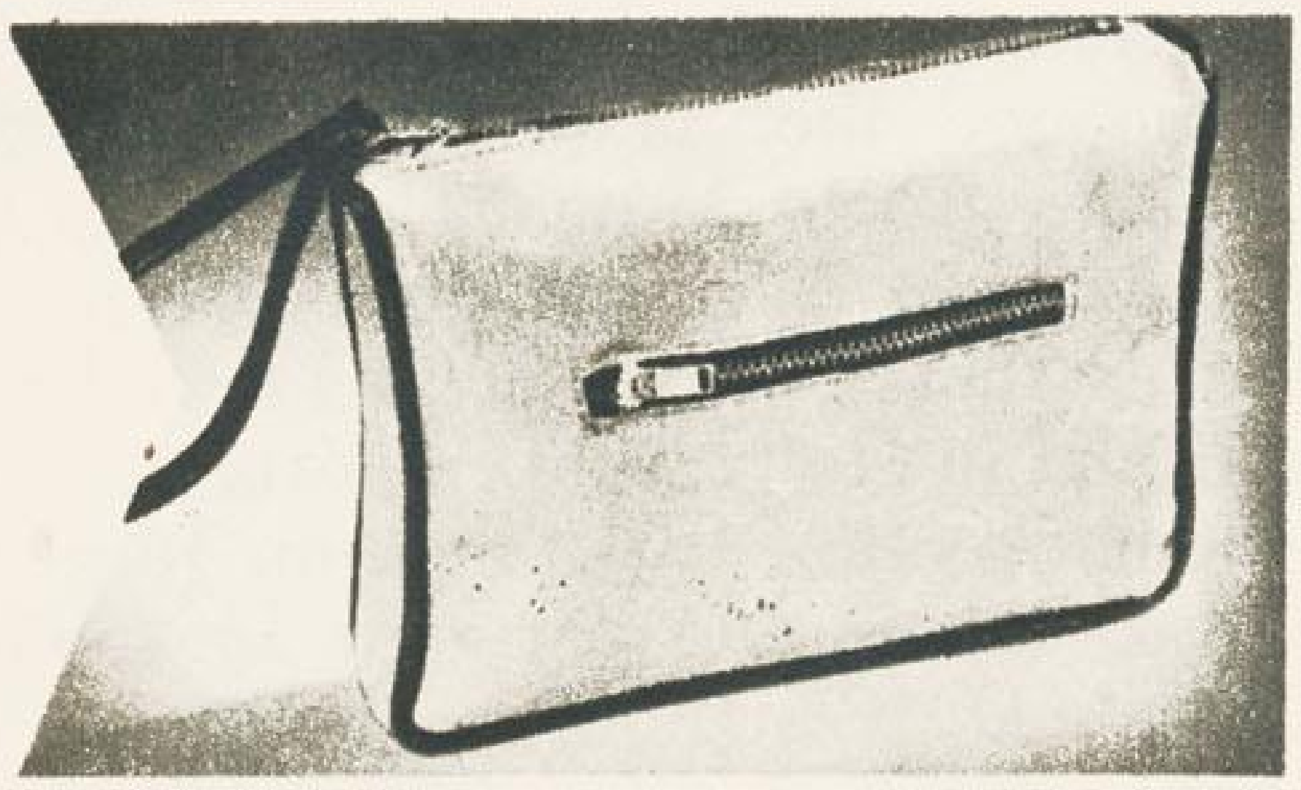
Practically never, he admitted, does a girl start as a reporter. Her best bet is to apply for a job as copy-girl on the paper. A copy-girl he defined as a combination messenger, office girl and general handywoman. In this job she absorbs journalistic atmosphere by sight, sound and the process of osmosis. Eventually, there will arise an opportunity for her to try her hand at writing a story. The rest is up to her.

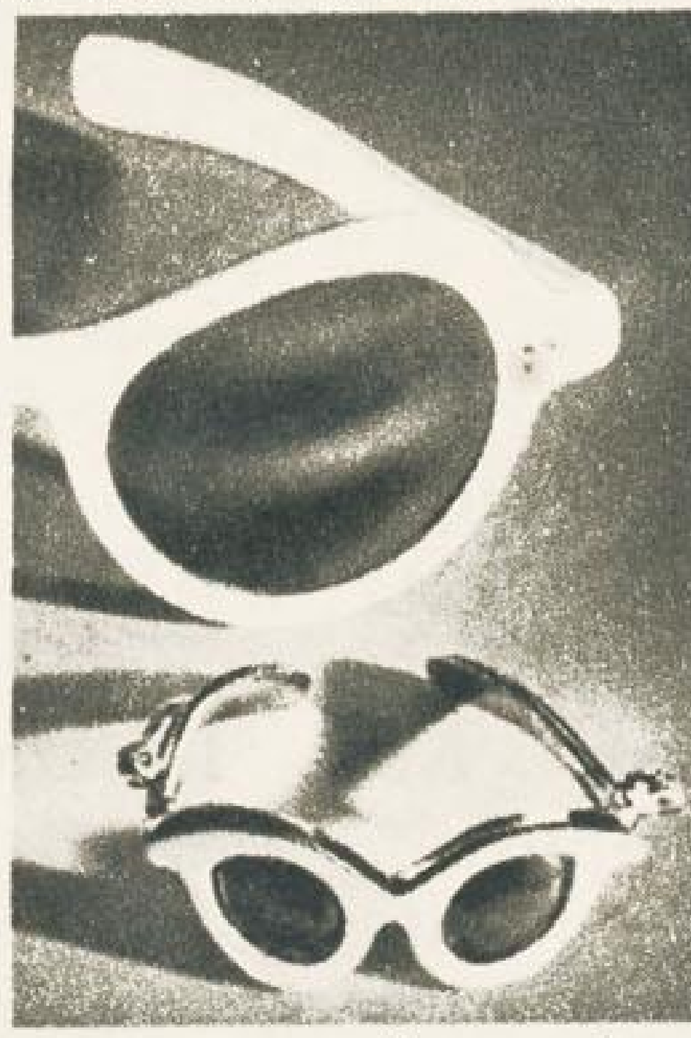
Helen Waterhouse, Beacon-Journal reporter, has for several years running, won top honors from the Ohio Newspaper Women's Association. Ruth McKenney, author of *My Sister Eileen*, was a former Beacon-Journal reporter. Dorothy Doran rose on their staff to radio editor and later went on to become Assistant Publicity Woman of the radio division of *N. W. Ayer and Son*, a national advertising agency.

Mr. Holcomb generously listed only *one* outstanding handicap in female applicants aspiring to newspaper work. This is the attitude, expressed or implied, that the job would be a lark, or, "my dear, what *fun!*" It is neither. This type of work takes a lot of grit, concentration and effort.

But then, Mr. Holcomb, which career doesn't?

Pin money Buys...





Wondering how you're ever going to get any summer shopping done with that glorious sun on your mind? Well, here are your shopping short cuts, and all of them within the limits of your own allowance. Sand and water will be playing a big part in your summer life, and you won't want to go near the water without this trusty waterproof plastic bag that the **Lucille Distributing Company** has made to hold the bare necessities when beaching. It's easy to carry, tuck in a pocket, or dangle from your slack belt. The handy zipper compartment will keep your spending money intact, too. It's $2* in so many different colors. And for more beach necessities, we think the **Perm-O-Comb** is a must. After a day of swimming and sun, use this magical comb and your hair presto! is in its usual orderly fashion. The secret? That double set of teeth which should be your wave saver for only $1.98. Inspired by those famous **Oculens** sun glasses to keep glare out, **Creation House** has designed these miniature specs "special-for-you" to play "peek-a-boo" from your lapel instead of your nose. In gold plated metal with green or red stones, this pin is made exactly like a pair of sun glasses. Definitely a conversation piece for $1.* Another bright idea MISS AMERICA can't keep to herself is the new **Charles of the Ritz** Chatelaine lipstick. The handsome golden tube and cap are linked together with a chain to form the chatelaine. First time we've ever seen anything like this. And, of course, in the prettiest shades for summer. We think this is such a wonderful new way with a lipstick that we had **Creation House** dream up a pin especially for it—gold plated metal with a tiny mirror that is actually large enough to use when applying lipstick. And just think . . . you can repair your lip make-up without removing the pin. Lipstick is $2*, pin 50c. Because the time is *now* to shed your stockings, you're probably already in a huddle for the just-right leg make-up. Look no further! **Seventeen Cosmetics** gives you the perfect answer to which one. Easy to apply, it can't possibly rub off or spot with water, and your legs look smooth and shiny, and so-o-o burnished. Comes in two shades for $1*, and one bottle will take you practically through the whole summer, saving wear and tear on your precious nylons. And for those "what shall we do now" hours, get your **Luga Decorating Set** working. You can personalize scarfs and handkerchiefs, make decorations for that big party, or decorate knick-knacks in your own pretty bedroom. Just transfer the pattern, color with the special crayons, and set with a warm iron. For $1.98 you'll be surprised at all you can do so easily and with such fun. Add life and sparkle to plain-jane items, and make a technicolor production of your accessories.

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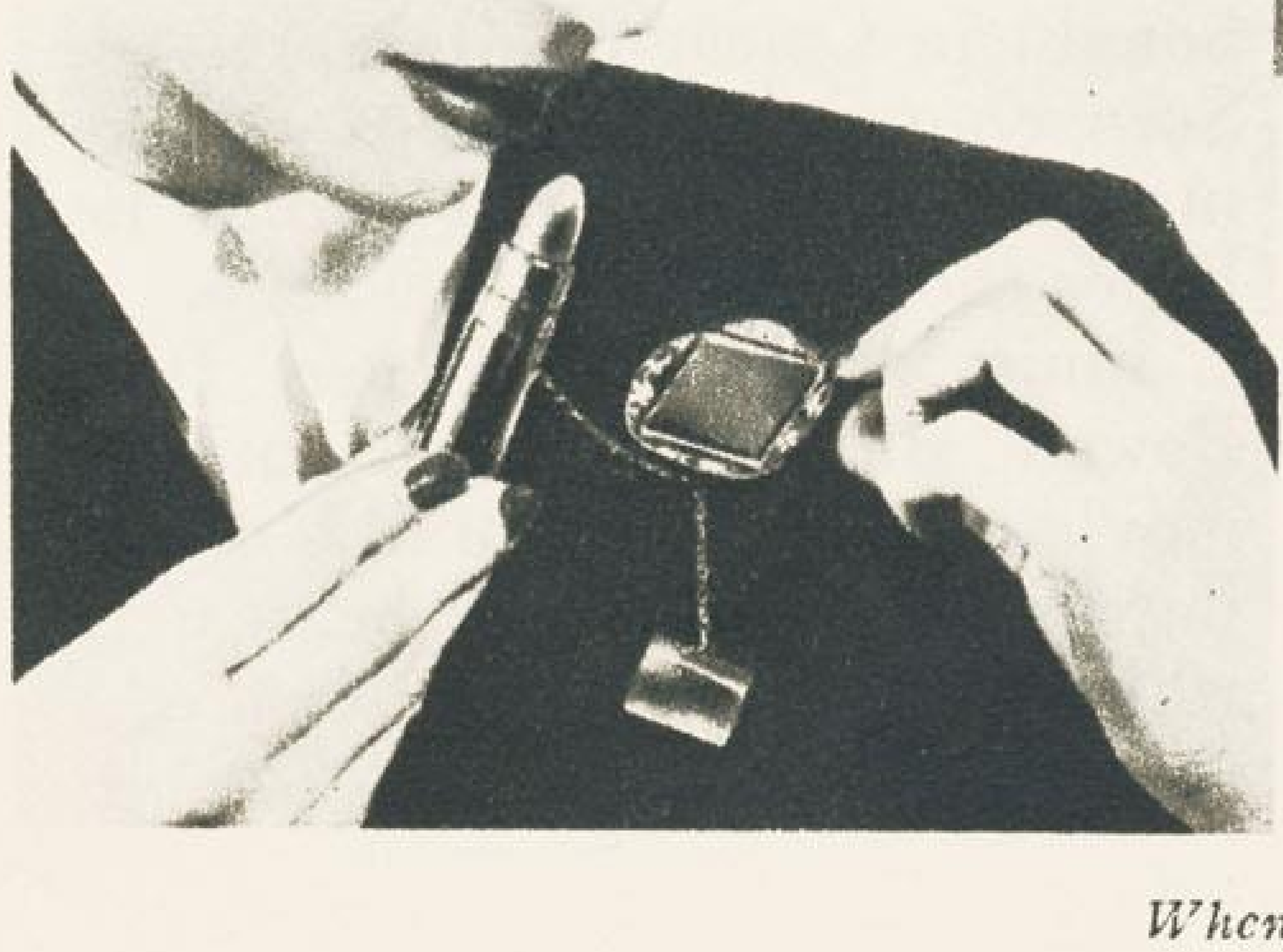

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HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 39

car (we stopped at Paramount, said "Howdy" to Bing Crosby, who was locked out of his dressing room—forgot his key) and hied on to the station where we kidded Richard Ney about where he'd put his skis, they were that long. Richard Conte was asked for autographs by the Bobby-Soxers the minute he hit the station, and Jackie Cooper said he didn't see how he could be happy four days away from his wife, Junie, and their new baby.

Our train pulled out, and everyone headed for the diner where terrific steaks were being served, plus apple pie piled high with vanilla ice cream. What a feast! Enterprise said our money wasn't good, and no one could spend one cent. Happy Day!

Next day, Utah's Governor Maw boarded the train. We mistook him for Pop Sherman who produced "Ramrod," and vice-versa. But finally "who" was the Governor was settled, and he said, that seeing how we were "Miss Utah" twice, at the age of six, (we're still in the Utah State Book with a crown of sego lilies on our brow), and again at 16, he was glad to welcome us home.

At the premiere at the Utah Theater we munched chocolate bars like mad, and applauded for the personal appearance of the stars. Billy De Wolf's act stole the show! Sonny Tufts received the most applause, and the girls sighed over Richard Ney and Don DeFore. What comers!

There were parties-plus, and in the middle of a rhumba, Sonny Tufts waltzed us right into the orchestra at the Chariot Club and took over the band! No foolin'! Never dreamed we'd be singing "Dinah" over a mike in a night club with Sonny Tufts! Dream on—say we!

Wonderful, next day with Jane Withers and June Preisser and Tanis Chandler, seeing all of the sights in the famous Mormon Temple grounds, like the Sea Gull monument, the Pioneer monuments, and those commemorating the Utah pioneers. There were snowball fights, rides up the lifts and spills plus warmth around a log fire and delicious Utah food!

Then homeward bound aboard the "Ramrod" special, where gifts were raffled off. Jackie Cooper won four tubes for his car's tires. Don DeFore won a radio, and we won 15 cases of orange soda pop which we hope to keep for the Movie Fan Picnic we're hosting for Hollywood's first Movie Fan Convention here this June.

Soooo, the news for Hollywood's First Annual Fan Club Convention. Ellen Roufs, who heads the International Fan Club League in Hollywood, reports that the convention opens here on June 23rd, continuing through to the 29th. Over a thousand delegates have signified their intention of participating. Gene Autry's prexy from Indiana (Gene has largest fan club in U.S.A. with 2400 members), Joan Crawford's prexy from New York and more are coming out for the big event.

There'll be get-together radio and studio tours, according to Miss Roufs and a big formal dinner dance at Ciro's to wind up the confab.

And here's our special interest. We're giving a picnic for the delegates and stars on Wednesday June 25th. It will be held on the tennis court of a swank Beverly Hills estate from four to eight, with buffet and sodas, entertainment and a chance to really meet your favorite movie stars. So we'll be elbow-deep working to make this picnic a movie fan's dream, we hope. For particulars contact your fan club prexies in your own home towns or state. DO NOT WRITE US.

HOLLYWOOD NEWS: Van and Evie Johnson are thatta happy. After decorating their new house, Van's first home that sets high in Santa Monica Canyon, they flew down to Mexico for another honeymoon . . . Went to see Peter Lawford when he "house-warmed" his new home, a cute two bedroom and a den house way out on Sunset Boulevard. And that's no joke that the bed he bought in Chicago hadn't arrived. Sure enough Peter sleeps on the mattress on the floor while he hopes the bed will arrive soon.

Junie Allyson and her Dick Powell still hold hands in the movies, except when Junie's reaching in a paper bag for her candy which she always takes along.

And that's Hollywood!

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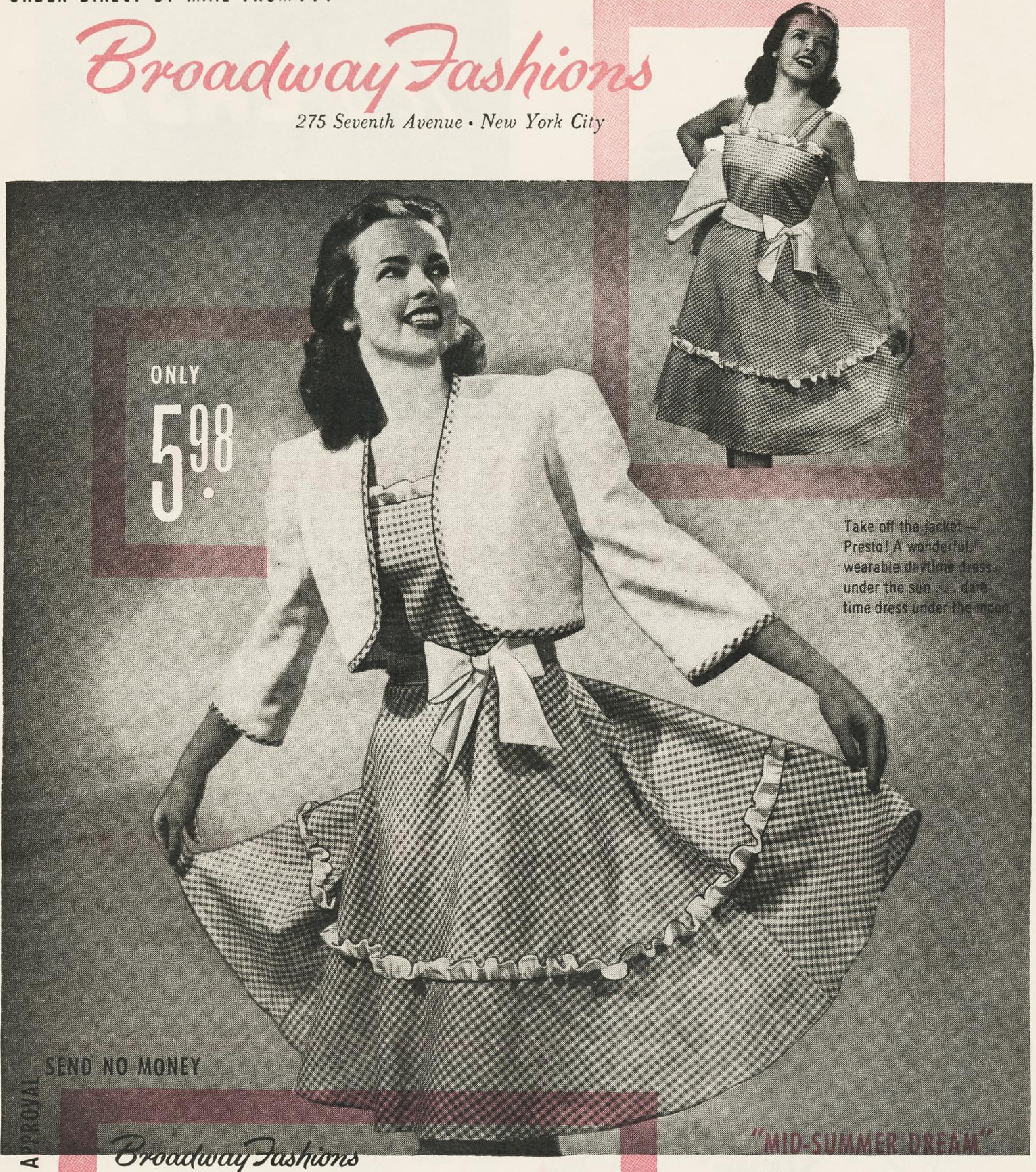

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